September / 60¢

TOPPER

A Topper Exclusive

MAMIE UNVEILED

...AN INTIMATE AND DRAMATIC LOOK AT MAMIE VAN DOREN IN PICTURES SHE WOULD NEVER BEFORE ALLOW

THE TOPPER GANG MAKES THE DESERT SCENE IN THE...

Last Fling of Summer

FELLINI

On A Baroque Merry-Go-Round

HAVELOCK ELLIS:

Pioneer of Erotica

Classic Bedroom Tales:

The Galactic Decameron

TOPPER'S PANEL **SEX** IN COLLEGE

EVERY MONTH A

NEW HAT FULL OF MAGIC

Hold on to your shirt and pants as you go through this new **Topper!** It is fast-moving, ribald, gutsy — full of good things for the ultra-male! The editors take a realistic view of **SEX** — after all, it's probably here to stay — and this is, therefore, no magazine for prudes.

But sex, of course, isn't everything (we don't remember who said that, but he probably hadn't seen our collection of girls!) So you will find in these pages a really interesting selection of articles hand-picked from contributions by many knowing writers. And the fiction! It's racy, humorous, bright (yes, and sexy, too).

The pictorials — and by that we mean **GIRLS** — are a shining example of womanhood in its most intimate and delectable form presented by photographers experienced in bringing out the individual highlights of each girl.

Here's hoping you will enjoy the new **Topper,** and that we can look forward to meeting you again in our next issue!

Magnificent Mamie Van Doren unveils for Topper!
Nine pages of exclusive, sizzling pictures, beginning on page 18

WATCH FOR IT! Next Issue: Topper Throws a Halloween Blast!

TOPPER

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Muriel and Otis thought they'd achieved the ultimate in Space Age marital free-wheeling . . . till old smoothie Harvey came along and added a brand-new twist!

DESIGN FOR DALLIANCE

BY WILLIAM ENGELER

An affair with Murial Spender was the last thing Harvey Lovejoy had in mind as he dressed for the party. There would be at least four other females present who came first. It was with something less than enthusiasm, therefore, that he responded to his wife's suggestion that he "be nice" to Muriel at the party. "How nice?" he asked, zipping Delphine up the back and pinching her bottom affectionately. "And why?" "Not that *nice," Delphine admonished. "And because." With a pleased, "Please!" she pretended annoyance, as he continued with affectionate nuzzlings and like evidences of husbandly ardor to distract her from dressing, "Ottis is away again this weekend—it's shameful, the way he neglects that poor girl—and Muriel will be odd-girls-out again at the party. I just thought it would be nice if you see to it she has a nice time. Not fabulous, you understand. Just nice." "Mmm! I can see us now . . ." Harvey mused. "Slipping out into the garden, under a full moon . . . my arm encircles her slender waist, whilst I whisper sweet nothings into her shell-like ear—" "It won't hurt you to be nice to her," Delphine insisted. The trouble was, it would, Harvey lamented as he eased the car out of the garage. It was a point of honor with Harvey, never to attempt scoring with a married woman whose husband was not on the field of play. There was, after all, such a thing as ground rules. Also, a conquest made under the very noses of the palace guards, so to speak, was a conquest to be remembered. Anything less, such as the pushing over of this Muriel Spender, whoever she was—one of Delphine's bridge his time and talent. If Harvey Lovejoy had a fault, club "girls," he shudderingly imagined—was unworthy of it was this tendency toward romantic idealism. Besides, he didn't see how he could possibly work this Spender number in, he decided, as he went about the pre-party ritual of spraying the car's interior with an atomizer of* Nuit d' Amour. *His first duty, of course, was to his hostess; to start up with any of the others before Stella Carter had been serviced would constitute a serious breach of etiquette. Then, there was the*

(continued from previous page)

Jones girl, and that divorcee from Anaheim. Plus whatever out-of-town talent might show up – one-shot targets to be hit on the wing, or perhaps lost forever . . . well, maybe something could be worked out.

"Harvey, will you stop fussing with the car? The party will be over, by the time we get there!"

Delphine, heroically ensheathed in a size 12, after-five, little-nothing creation, heaved her size 38, quite-something bulk into the passenger's seat. Lifting her head, she sniffed questioningly, looking somewhat like a buffalo at a water hole, Harvey thought.

"Have you been spraying the car with that disgusting perfume again?" she demanded.

"Old clunk like this . . . have to do something about that musty odor," Harvey countered, cheerfully.

Nuit d'Amour evoked no romantic sighs from Delphine's ample but passionless bosom. To Delphine, the reclining seats, push-buttons blinds and built-in bar the car boasted were mere extravagant extensions of her Harvey's notoriously romantic nature. That her Harvey might ever be tempted to put such a mobile rumpus room to practical use, was a fancy far beyond her limited powers of romantic imagination.

"Your gas bill came today," she announced portentiously.

"Oh?" said Harvey.

"You must admit, I'm extremely tolerant of your silly, romantic notions – but the way you've been driving aimlessly about at all hours of the night, lately, because you love the feel of wind in your face . . . really, Harvey!"

Delphine sniffed again, this time like a buffalo who had found the water hole dry. "Thirty-eight sixty-five, for one month's gas!"

"You pay for everything you get in this life," Harvey rationalized, cryptically but contentedly. Just how much he had been getting was, fortunately, not itemized on the oil company's monthly billing. Blondes, brunettes, redheads . . . Harvey did some rapid calculating as he drove, and struck a trial balance of two and three-tenths gallons per conquest.

With a light heart, he drove into the Carters' driveway, his pulse quickening joyously to party sounds wafted to them on the soft summer breeze.

"Remember, now!" Delphine warned him, as he ushered her through the magic portals to the chaotic party-land within. "Be nice to Muriel."

"Dahlings!" Stella Carter, every inch the complete hostess in a skin-tight, low-cut, go-to-hell dress, clasped the new arrivals to her well-displayed bosom, managing to bestow a lion's share of her mammary favors upon Harvey, while she was about it.

"Hello, Stella!" Harvey greeted her, while he counted noses and stuff over her shoulder. Amy, Carol, Lorraine . . . well-remembered shapes ebbed and flowed among the guests scattered about the room. "This is your life, Harvey Lovejoy . . ." he mused, happily.

"Did you have any trouble parking?" Stella asked solicitously. "With all those cars out front –"

"Matter of fact, I'm double-parked," Harvey admitted. "Thought I'd bring Delphine in, then park down the street."

"Why don't you drive around back," Stella suggested. "Wait, I'll show you where . . . Don't worry, Delphine – I'll take good care of him."

And that she did. Directing him to park beneath a giant shade tree at the rear of the house, she melted into his arms with an amorous sigh, almost before the wheels came to rest.

"You're lovely as ever, my dear," Harvey murmured, stripping her with the speed and economy of movement of long practice. "My Moonlight Madonna . . .!"

"And you're as incurably romantic as ever," Stella chided him, contentedly. "But you'll have to hurry, darling," she added, regretfully. "I *am* the hostess, you know, and we mustn't stay away too long."

"I understand, dear." Harvey patted her shoulder briefly, and with a hurried glance at his watch moved on to more erogenous zones. Tonight's stepped-up program did not allow for time-consuming displays of technical skill. Nonetheless, he took full advantage of the time allotted.

"You are beyond compare, my darling!" he breathed, as her rapturous sighs of satiety filled the moonlit garden. "By the way . . . who is this Muriel Spender, my wife was telling me about?"

"Muriel?" Stella laughed with secret amusement as they strolled up the garden path to the house. "A real kook! Don't wast your time there, lover! Take my word for it, you wouldn't be interested," she added, with a conviction that aroused Harvey's immediate interest.

Before he could press her for further details, however, Stella had resumed her duties as hostess, engrossed in the task of directing her guests in more formally organized fun and games.

Delphine, meanwhile, becoming vaguely aware that her Harvey was taking an unconscionably long time parking the car, addressed her suspicions to Muriel Spender.

"Poor Stella must be bored to tears by now, listening to Harvey go on about that garden out there," she remarked, in tones of fond indulgence. "Harvey thinks every daffodil he sees is a collector's item, you know."

"Oh, yes!" Muriel Spender, a long-stemmed species herself, responded with polite interest. "I understand your husband is quite a collector."

Delphine smiled uncomprehendingly. Then her eyes lighted with pride as Harvey appeared in the doorway from the garden. "Here's Harvey now . . . Harvey! Over here!"

"Your wife tells me you're a connoisseur of garden paths, Mr. Lovejoy," said Muriel, following introductions. "Perhaps you'll be kind enough to show me Stella's before the evening is over?"

Harvey beamed at her, instantly revising his previously prepared prejudices as he eyed the breathtakingly proportioned passion flower blooming before him. This was a neglected wife? The man must be mad! Seating himself beside her, he gave an indulgent pat to one of her well-rounded knees. "It would be a pleasure, Mrs. Spender . . ."

Several knee-pats later, he suggested a stroll in the garden. Having promised Delphine to be nice to Muriel, Harvey was not one to shirk his responsibilities, wherever they lay. Or whoever. Dutifully, he led her down the garden path, under the full moon.

"I'm really no gardening enthusiast, Mr. Lovejoy," Muriel confessed. "But, I did want to talk to you . . . alone." She squeezed his hand confidingly as he placed an arm about her waist. Harvey was momentarily tempted to stick to the script and whisper sweet nothings into her shell-like ear. But he had arrived late at the party, and there was still a tight schedule to maintain. Several of the girls on his list of possibles were already involved in romantic excursions ranging from mild flirtation to minor seduction. Time was of the essence . . .

"Suppose we make ourselves comfortable, then, and talk it over," he suggested, leading her to his car. As they sampled a pair of potent potions from the built-in bar, he pushed a button and pulled her to him in the scented darkness, as the blinds descended smoothly on the car windows. "My Moonlight Madonna . . .!" he whispered, nibbling experimentally at a shell-like ear.

"What I wanted to talk to you about, Mr. Lovejoy –"

"Speak to me only with your eyes, my darling," Harvey advised, sliding a persuasive hand up the smooth contour of her thigh. "Let the sounds of love voice our thoughts . . ."

"You *would* be interested, then?" Muriel persisted. "In having an affair with me, I mean?"

"You bet!" agreed Harvey, momentarily out of poetic analogies.

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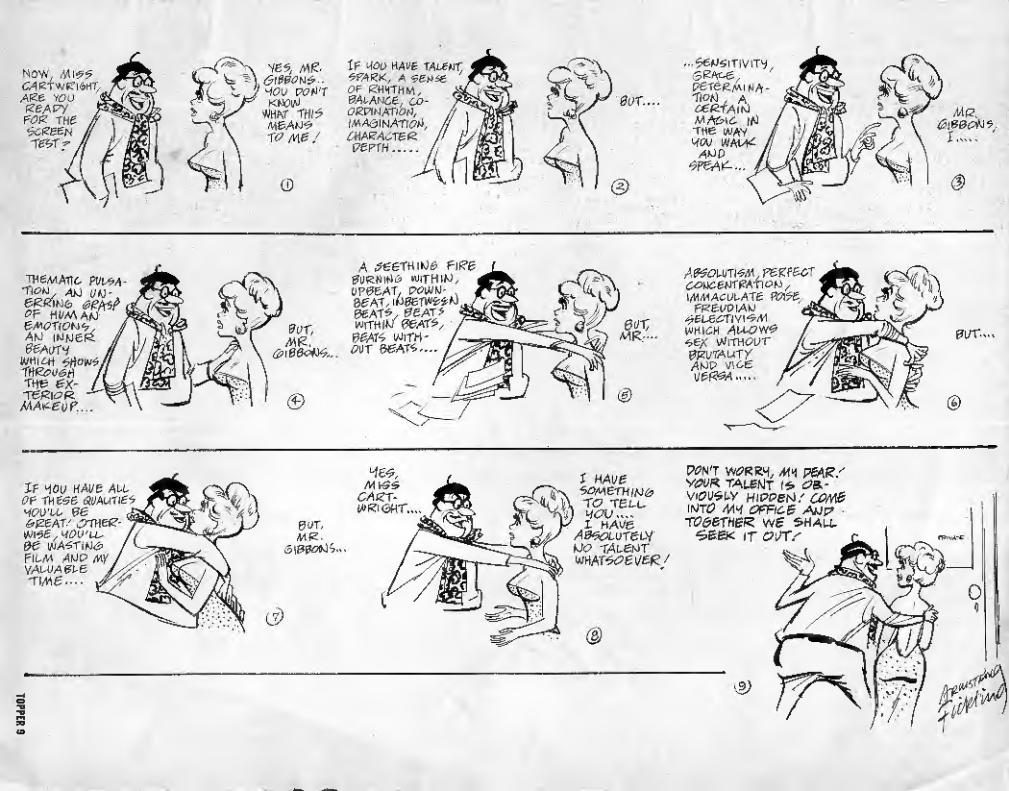
NOW, MISS CARTWRIGHT, ARE YOU READY FOR THE SCREEN TEST?
YES, MR. GIBBONS.. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS TO ME!
1
IF YOU HAVE TALENT, SPARK, A SENSE OF RHYTHM, BALANCE, CO-ORDINATION, IMAGINATION, CHARACTER DEPTH.....
BUT....
2
...SENSITIVITY, GRACE, DETERMINATION A CERTAIN MAGIC IN THE WAY YOU WALK AND SPEAK...
MR. GIBBONS, I.....
3
THEMATIC PULSATION, AN UNERRING GRASP OF HUMAN EMOTIONS, AN INNER BEAUTY WHICH SHOWS THROUGH THE EXTERIOR MAKEUP....
BUT, MR. GIBBONS...
4
A SEETHING FIRE BURNING WITHIN, UPBEAT, DOWNBEAT, INBETWEEN BEATS, BEATS WITHIN BEATS, BEATS WITHOUT BEATS....
BUT, MR....
5
ABSOLUTISM, PERFECT CONCENTRATION, IMMACULATE POISE, FREUDIAN SELECTIVISM WHICH ALLOWS SEX WITHOUT BRUTALITY AND VICE VERSA.....
BUT....
6
IF YOU HAVE ALL OF THESE QUALITIES YOU'LL BE GREAT. OTHERWISE, YOU'LL BE WASTING FILM AND MY VALUABLE TIME....
BUT, MR. GIBBONS...
7
YES, MISS CARTWRIGHT....
I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.... I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO TALENT WHATSOEVER!
8
DON'T WORRY, MY DEAR! YOUR TALENT IS OBVIOUSLY HIDDEN! COME INTO MY OFFICE AND TOGETHER WE SHALL SEEK IT OUT!
PRIVATE
9
Armstrong Fleming

E3HP6 01

DR. TAYLOR

DR. ROSE

MODERATOR

LOU STANNA

MODERATOR

Does what a young person is taught at home about sex conflict with what he finds and learns about sex on the campus?

LOUIS STANNARD

In most cases, definitely yes. Americans are still essentially brought up in a Victorian atmosphere. As a result, when they get to the campus stage, they quickly discover that what they've been taught about sex and morality is contrary to what really goes on.

CLAUDIA HARRIS

Once in college a student goes along with the crowd. Whatever is the vogue there, that's what he'll usually identify with . . . even though the vogue may go against his inner feelings or what he's been taught at home.

DR. ROSE

On the American campus we find that outwardly we profess a puritanical type of moral code, but inwardly we actually live a very licentious life. What the student learns at home and what he learns on the campus has very little to do with the reality of sex. We have a cultural gap on the campus. The administrators and teachers are not only for the most part in their fifties and sixties, their attitude to sex is even older. These people are so ignorant about the topic, even the younger ones, that they support a public morality that has nothing to do with what is really in the minds of their students. All you have to do is work in a psychological clinical for awhile to see just how disturbed and preoccupied students are with sex.

SANDY AYRE

I find from my own experience that on the campus you will do things that you don't normally condone, but you'll do them anyway just to be accepted. Also, I believe that the kids that spout off about how much they know and how much they've done in the sex department, know little and have done less.

DR. ROSE

Quite true.

SANDY

My mother always thought she was up-to-date and I did too, but when I got into college—I realized I didn't know anything. And what you do find out from other students is so shaded with dirty words and snickering that it makes sex sound ugly.

DR. ROSE

In American colleges teachers operate as if Dr. Freud never lived. For example, this type of discussion could not go on in any college in the United States, because any professor who would dare teach the real facts about sex would not last—what would you say, Dr.

TOPPER PANEL: SEX ACTIVITIES ON CAMPUS

The opinions of sex Life and mores on Campus are those of the participants themselves. Taking part in this free and uninhibited discussion were: Dr. Mason Rose, Psychoanalyst and Research Director with the Institute of Creative Arts and Sciences, Hollywood, California; Dr. Irving Taylor, Professor of Psychology, Lecturer at the University of California at Los Angeles; and faculty member of various colleges for the past twelve years; Louis Stannard, Denver University; Bill Jordan, University of Cincinnati; Claudia Harris, California Baptist College; and Sandy Ayre, Trinity College. Norman Winski acted as moderator.

CLAUDIA HARRIS

SANDY AYRE

BILL JORDAN

DR. TAYLOR

Oh, only that day' . . . You know, a whole artificial kind of morality develops in college. That factor, plus the sterile manner of teaching that prevails at most colleges, contributes to the invariable forming of a nucleus of students who revolt to this situation. And quite often you'll find such a nucleus, out of boredom and in protest to the artificial morality that has been imposed upon them, establishing secret sex societies and engaging in wild orgies.

MODERATOR

Would anyone care to estimate how large a part the hope for a sexual adventure plays in motivating a young person to college?

LOU

I would say that, at least as far as boys are concerned, it has no impact at all. As for girls, I don't think a girl goes to college necessarily in search of a sexual experience; she's more interested in finding a husband in school, preferably one with dough. This whole business of sex between the male and female is different. For the male, sex is sex for sex's sake. For the female, sex represents security and a home.

DR. TAYLOR

I think if we examine these generalizations they frequently break down, Lou. I don't really believe boys look for sex just for its own sake. I've yet to interview one boy in college who feels this way personally. He may say he does to his buddies, but upon analysis you'll find that he's just mouthing status talk among the male students.

DR. ROSE

What you also have to consider is that, in the American male there's a tremendous and unrecognized homosexual component, the origin of which we can attribute to the fact that he's usually raised by women. What he's out after regarding sex is putting notches on his gun to prove to his unconscious that he's not a homosexual. In short, to a large extent his sexual adventures are governed by the need to prove to himself that he's not a homosexual.

BILL JORDAN

In conjunction with your first and your second question, Norm, I'd like to go on record by saying that, what I learned about sex at home was far overshadowed by what I learned from the campus group I identified with. Furthermore, when I went to college I definitely hoped I'd learn an awful lot more about sex, in terms of information and certainly in experience, too. When I finally dug

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the campus scene, nothing I learned at home had prepared me for the massive onslaught of knowledge I received at college—and not on the academic level either

MODERATOR

Is college life *more* or *less* conducive to sexual freedom than a non-college life for the young man and woman?

BILL

I think that, as far as sex is concerned, you're under the spotlight when you're in college. All of campus life seems to move and center around sex

DR. TAYLOR

Can I add one thing to that, Norm? I think that in college you have another kind of force operating, and that is a dichotomizing force. As a result, we find that students have either much more sexual activity than they would normally have in society, or they really get kicked out and have much less—or they get split into two groups.

DR. ROSE

I agree and add, it all depends upon which group and which college they join. For instance, when I attended college I went to two different universities in two different sections of the country. I was terribly shocked whe I came to S.C. Because at Duke we had our own bar in the fraternity house and enjoyed a very sophisticated social life in general; we wore coats and ties when we went to classes and the girls dressed very smart But when I went to S.C , their idea of a very daring thing to do was to go out to a Saturday night beer bust and neck. Whereas at Duke, at the fraternity to which I belonged, most of the fellows kept apartments in town for the express purpose of consorting with coeds To come out to S C. and enter such a rah rah, essentially high school atmosphere—which still prevails over there, by the way was and still is shocking. As a matter of fact, I don't think I'm shamelessly generalizing when I say that Western Colleges are far more juvenile than the average Eastern College Even the proverbial campus bull-sessions about girls on the Western Campus are incredibly naive And my profession has brought me in contact with a number of them On the other hand, at Duke, or even at Phillip Exeter where I went to prep school, we discussed sex with the worldiness of hoary debauchees compared to the pablum you still hear on the average California campus today.

SANDY

Frankly, Norm, from a girl's standpoint I think college life is more inhibitive than conducive to sexual activity Mainly because a girl has got this reputation thing to protect Believe me, a girl is afraid to let loose even a little, 'cause if she does, word will spread like wildfire

MODERATOR

Let me ask you a specific question, Sandy Isn't it true that some of the campus big guns will try to intimidate a girl into an affair by threatening to spread the rumor thta she's a deadbeat if she doesn't play ball?

SANDY

I myself have never had that experience, but it has happened to some of my sorority sisters– with this interesting twist. If a girl doesn't come across, and the guy burns, he's more apt to spread the word that she's a swinger, not a deadbeat

MODERATOR

In other words, she becomes more rather than less popular?

SANDY

The point is you never know what will happen, whether she swings or she doesn't Either way the guy in question is surely going to say he made it with her. One thing that definitely does happen, though, is that the guy who uses pressure tactics on a chick invariably gets blackballed by the rest of the girls.

MODERATOR

Are there some girls though, Sandy, that will cooperate with the fellow to be accepted into a popular clique?

SANDY

I definitely think there are, but, because girls are usually pretty close mouthed about such things, you hear about such a girl from the boys On the other hand, and I know this sonds catty and it is, you find that if a girl is very popular and her sorority sisters aren't quite sure why, they're just as apt to spread rumors that the girl must be putting out to the fellows to rate so high.

BILL

On your question, Norm, regarding campus life being more or less conducive to sex, I would imagine that, due to an overdose of education on the topic, and the fact that the student is away from his parents, I would say there's a lot more action *on* campus than off At least that's what I found to be true

DR. ROSE

You can go on with your question, Norm, to Dr. Kinsey's quantification bit and you'll find that there's a direct relationship between the disappearance of sexuality and the amount of education a woman gains College men and women are much more prone to pet to mutual fulfilment. Whereas a class of people of

corresponding age who are not in college, like waitresses and mechanics, have been statistically shown to go the full and natural gamut for fulfillment, putting less emphasis on petting and more on the real thing I'd like to add at this pointn, Norm, that according to my observations, the more highly social a fraternity the less sex will there be between the sexes on the campus Here are a couple of reasons why Because the boys have an overly idealized image of the sexual purity of the girls they fraternize with on the campus, they'l, roam off the grounds and consort with the first non-college girl they'll meet before tarnishing this image. And because the coeds certainly don't want to destroy this image, and they're usually more fearful of social stigma, if they're going to play around, it likewise will be done with non-college members of the opposite sex And amongst the higher fraternities, if there is dallying with girls on campus, the girls invariably belong to lower sororities, because the boys can't imagine that a girl of their own upper class would go to bed with them before marriage.

CLAUDIA

And the girls, Dr. Rose, from the higher sororities are probably frolicking with the boys who belong to the lower fraternities, right?

DR. ROSE

Right The truth of the matter is that both sexes of the better fraternities are frolicking with people off the campus.

MODERATOR

Dr. Taylor, you're being left out of the picture a little too much. Let me direct a question expressly to you. Does sexual preoccupation, either because of too much, too little, or no sexual outlet in school, enfeeble a student's learning capacity.

DR. TAYLOR

Certainly any sort of excessive preoccupation is going to prevent any fruitful involvement with education in the usual sense Also, I think that the whole business of sex and education are such contrary things to the average student that he has difficulty in putting them together I again go back to the theme I tried to develop earlier To most college students the coldness of academic life drives them to invent bizarre sensual if not outright sexual surrogates. They're so hungry for sex that they'll often band together at night and get their kicks beating frenzied drums and filling the room with sensual smoke

MODERATOR

We seem, ladies and gentlemen, to have been successful in describing an ailment, but no one thus far has thrown any light on a possible cure. If our educational system as it now stands works against the libido of the young, what do you educationalists and students profess we do about such a situation? Do we re-structure our educational system to accommodate the libido in a more mature, natural way?

DR. ROSE

Actually that's a loaded question, Norm, because I happen to be one of the founders of a new approach in education that handles this and many other vital problems which the conventional college doesn't even recognize, let alone resolve

MODERATOR

Without getting involved, Doctor, what sort of an approach is it?

DR ROSE

It's an approach to developing all the many sides of the personality the whole man not just the intellect To do what we call at the Institute "Creative Education" justice would take us too far astray from your central topic here, Norm But I will say that "Creative Education" not only provides academic information, it constantly aids the individual in finding practical solutions in all of his life situations Learning through living, as it were . Getting back to your question, Norm, you put your finger on the heart of the problem Sex as seen in our educational system is something kept off in a corner, to be taught under the particular prejudices of the people who are teaching Obviously this is not good

MODERATOR

The next question is open to any one who wishes to pick it up . . . Because the percentage of marriages that begin on the campus and end in divorce is alarmingly high, I wonder if this fact doesn't signify a general confusion on the campus between sex and love. In other words, do you think that many students marry thinking they are in love, whereas in reality they are marrying for sex?

LOU

I think that more than fifty percent of people who marry, on or off the campus, marry because of sex A lot of them probably tell themselves it's love, but if you really get to the heart of their motives, you'll find it's the promise of regular sexual gratification they're after

MODERATOR

Do you think that if students led a more active sex life they'd be less inclined to make this mistake of equating sex with love?

LOU

I most certainly do. Experience in this area before marriage can't

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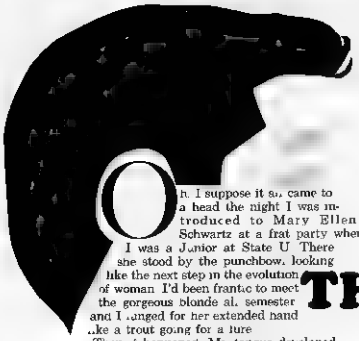


THE OPENING

Oh, I suppose it all came to a head the night I was introduced to Mary Ellen Schwartz at a frat party when I was a Junior at State U. There she stood by the punchbowl, looking like the next step in the evolution of woman. I'd been frantic to meet the gorgeous blonde all semester and I lunged for her extended hand like a trout going for a lure.

Then it happened. My tongue developed paralysis. I had psyched myself out. All I could do was stand there and grin and nod and try to keep from drooling too noticeably. I'm certain I went down in Mary Ellen's book as a cretin. I deserved the classification.

This is the great American paradox. We males have invented the earliest steamboat and the latest missile, but put us next to an eager young thing with the scent of *Man* singeing her nostrils and we can't think of anything original to say.

The time of introduction is the most crucial moment in boy-girl relationships. Just when we must be poised, self-confident, and charming, we are too often nervous, shaking, and clodish. After years of anguish, painful study, and experimentation, I have devised the following systems of introduction. Feel free to adopt any of them for your own individual usage. Remember, whether or not a girl can be had for a song depends on a man's pitch.

The Startling Remark System. Observations on the weather and the latest baseball scores will quickly identify you as a creep. The proper approach is to utter something that will at once catch her interest. Here are a few opening remarks that I can practically guarantee will hold the gal's attention:

"This? Oh, it's just a grass snake I carry around for companionship. Like to hold it?"
"Oh, Miss, I noticed your slip was showing from 'way across the room and ..."
"I'll never forget when Dad gave me my first Cadillac. I was just sixteen ..."
"My that's a beautiful anklet. Does the other one match it?"
"I call my small yacht, Sophia!"
"Do you believe in lust at first sight?"
"Dad's angry at me this week. Cut my allowance down to $400!"

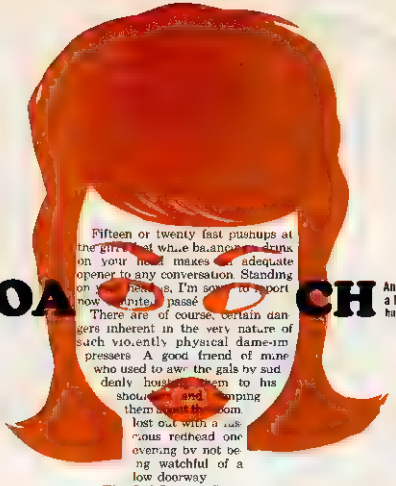
The Man of Action System. No matter how the sophisticated young woman may try to sublimate her inner desires and yearnings, she instinctively admires a man of forceful vigor and obvious virility.

A series of well-executed cartwheels around the room and back to the girl is both colorful and impressive. Some enterprising fellows arrange a series of chairs, divans, and end tables about the room and then jump hurdles. If the light fixture is a sturdy one, I have employed the one-hand chin to great advantage.

APPROACH

An educated hello can mean a blonde in the sack

humor/by Mark Crane



Fifteen or twenty fast pushups at the gir[illegible] while balancing drinks on your head makes an adequate opener to any conversation. Standing on your hands, I'm sure, is apt to appear now [illegible] passé.

There are, of course, certain dangers inherent in the very nature of such violently physical dame-impressers. A good friend of mine who used to awe the gals by suddenly hoisting them to his shoulders and stomping them about the room lost out with a luscious redhead one evening by not being watchful of a low doorway.

The Indifference System

Nothing bugs a beautiful, broad more than being ignored. A gal who is lovely, and knows it, is used to flattery and is extremely disturbed when she doesn't get it.

If you should be confronted with some luscious babe some enchanted evening, discipline yourself to making these tried and tested remarks.

'Pardon me, what is your name? I didn't catch it when we were introduced.'

'Did you hear about—' take a long pause while you look about the room as if seeking more pleasant companionship.

'Pardon me, would you mind repeating that?" Use this after she has just finished a long and involved explanation on some esoteric subject like identifying the Scottish tartans. As she repeats it, stifle several face-contorting yawns.

'Why there's Jane Slovenly! Doesn't she look lovely? She's so charming!' This is especially effective if exclaimed about some very plain girl who has just entered the room. Follow this step through by dashing to plain Jane's side, kissing her hand and babbling in excited monosyllables. By the time you have rejoined your lovely new acquaintance, she will be eager clay waiting to be modeled by your willing hands! Unless she's already left with some weakling who caters to her every whim.

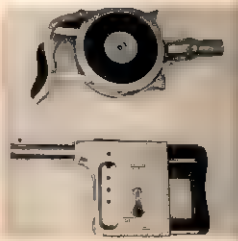
The Block Block System. You may encounter some chick who's too callous to be impressed by any of the preceding systems. She may become nasty and vindictive — even rude. If this should occur, by all means do not regress to your former inept state. Stand up to the sharp-tongued wench. Give her blow for blow, tit for tat. Below I have prepared a list of some of the more common feminine squelches with some sharp rejoinders for you to fire back at her. *I never speak to strange men on the street!*" "What should I do, open an office?"

My mother doesn't approve of necking!' 'But I don't want to neck with your mother.'

"*Can't you be serious?*' "If I could, would I be here with you?" "*You can't make a fool of me!*" 'No, because Nature beat me to it!' "*Do me a favor and drop dead!*" "But then they'd mistake us for twins!"

(L.) Two different types of pocket-knife pistols. What the best-dressed killer of yore used to wear! (R., German pocket automatic. The favorite of irate frau.

(L., French apache dagger pistol. Note attached brass knuckles for that extra something. (R.) Single-barrel, double-action percussion pistols. Deadly darlings of Victorian dandies.



(L., French elevator gun. Made even a midget feel unusually tall. (R.) Top, Chicago palm gun. Below, French squeeze pistol. Shake my hand and surprise!

THE GUNSWINGERS LEXICON

A Connoisseur's Collection Of Antique Killers

NO GUN-COLLECTION IS COMPLETE WITHOUT THE PRIZED PEPPERBOX

Ever since the Chinese invented gunpowder and cannon became a part of European warfare in the 14th Century men and boys have been fascinated by guns. Invention of the musket and then the pistol in the 16th Century made shooting much handier and the pistol supplanted the sword as the favorite dueling weapon (though TOPPER still prefers cream puffs at ten paces.

Pistols a century ago were much fancier than the streamlined efficient models of today, and old-time guns exert a powerful lure for hobbyists. A collection of old pistols can be put together at a surprisingly modest cost, and it's a great conversation piece that beats etchings.

Among the pistol curiosities pictured on these pages are a Chicago palm gun and a French squeeze pistol, both highly popular and useful items in their day. Also note the French apache dagger pistol, precursor of today's switchblade knife. For use in the dark byways of the Left Bank, this wicked little goodie came complete with brass knuckles as well as a dagger rigged to spring out at the touch of a button.

Other prized collectors' items are the French pantire, the pepperbox, the Philadelphia derringer, the French elevator gun, the "My Friend" knuckle-duster.

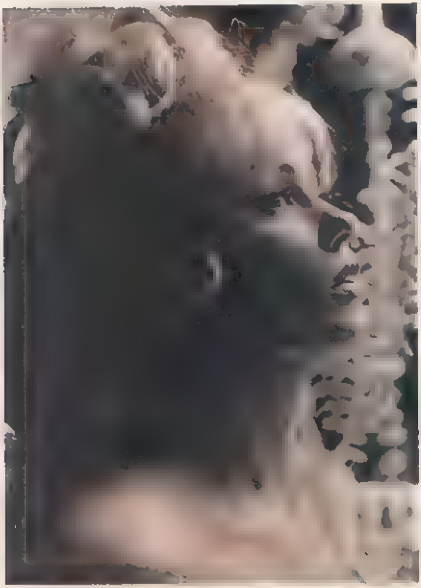
For the information of the neophyte, a pistol is any small firearm with a stock designed to fit the hand, and a short barrel or barrels. Named from its birthplace of Pistoia in Tuscany, it was invented in the early 1500's and gradually improved in design. About 1820 the wheel-lock device was replaced by the flint lock. On the introduction of breech-loading, the single-shot muzzle-loading pistol was supplanted by pistols with a revolving chamber, called properly enough, revolvers. The automatic pistol, operating by recoil, was introduced in 1893.

A derringer, named after its inventor, is any short-barreled pistol of large caliber.

Genuine old pistols are becoming rarer and rarer, but there are still quite a few of them around. In recent years a specialized business has developed in the production of replicas of rare guns, reproducing the originals faithfully. Ely Hunter of Hollywood, one of the leading manufacturers of these copies, reports heavy demand for them among both collectors and shooters. They're for real—they shoot, of course, with specially made ammunition.

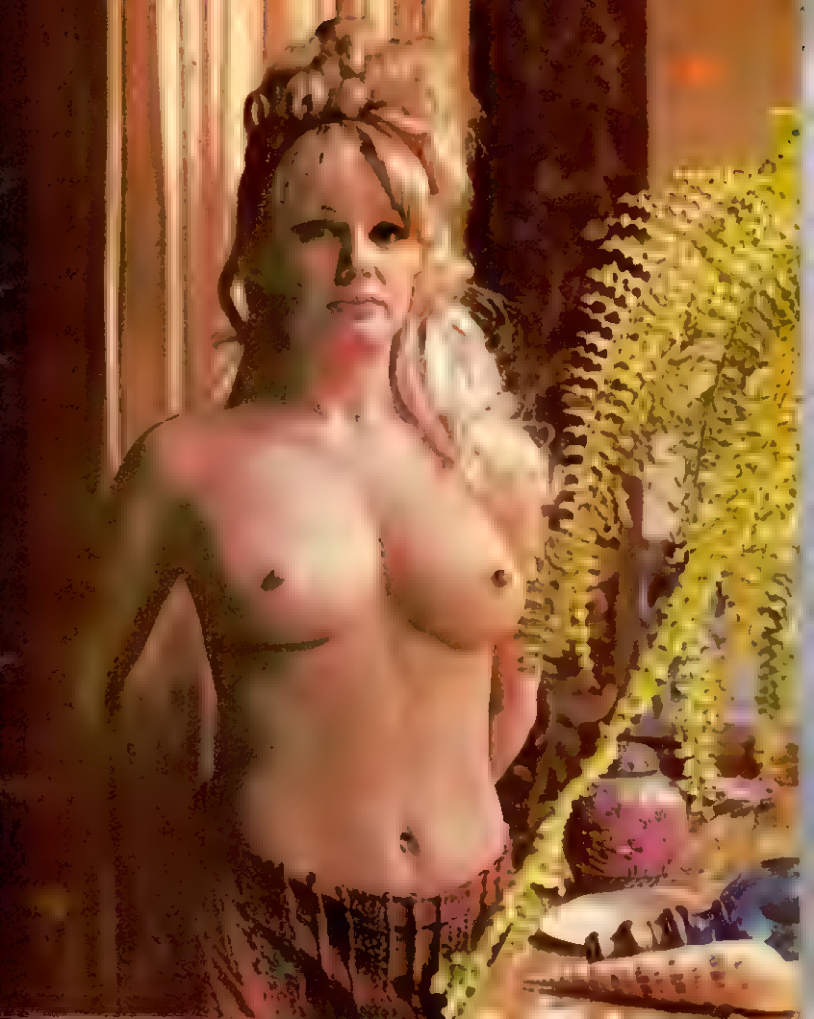
A TOPPER EXCLUSIVE!

Magnificent Mamie



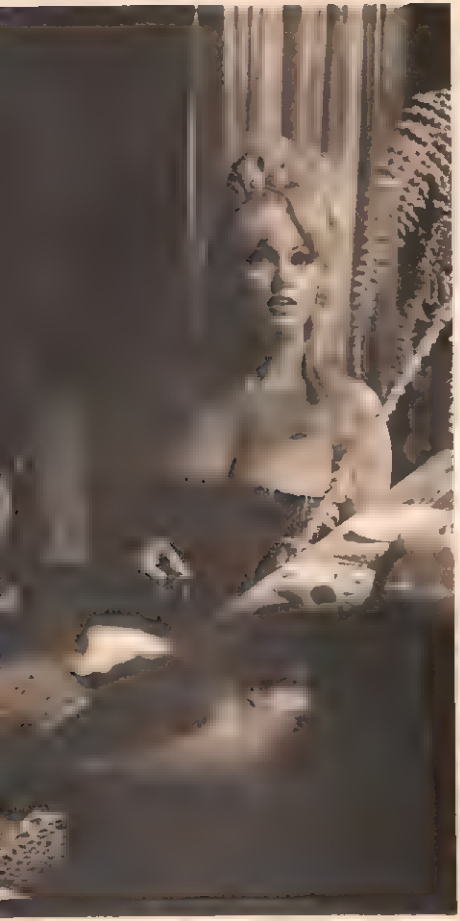
Mamie Van Doren, darling of the international film set and famed sex symbol, bares all for TOPPER in this exciting picture session. Nothing like these have ever been published before!

PHOTOS BY MAX B. MILLER. HAIR STYLINGS BY DON MORAND



It took a lot of persuading, a lot of cajoling — but TOPPER did it! We got luscious, sexy Hollywood sex symbol Mamie Van Doren to pose in the most revealing intimate set of pictures ever taken of her by any magazine in this or any other country.

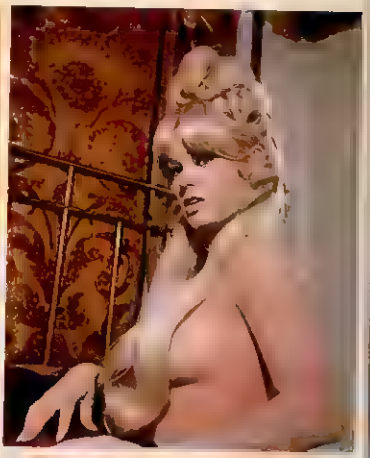
Mamie has never before consented to reveal her beautiful figure completely undraped. This sexy baby woman — who has wowed the world with her natural beauty and perfect figure — has always shied from shedding the seventh veil.

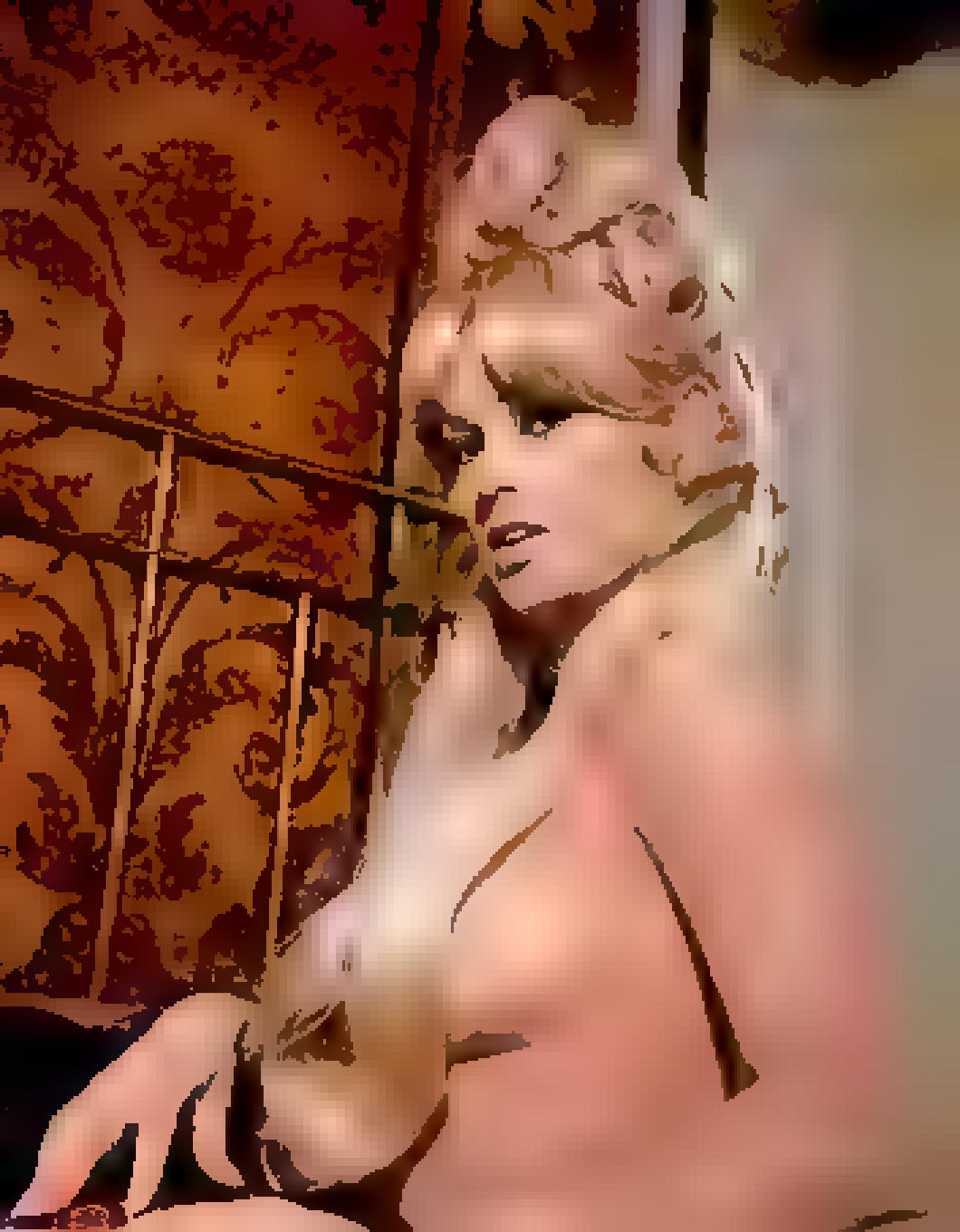


Now she has done it exclusively for TOPPER!

In a series of personal interviews in her beautiful home in the hills above Hollywood's famed Sunset Strip our cameraman captured all the lush magnificence of this appealing star who has delighted cinema audiences wherever films are shown.

For TOPPER, Mamie delightfully shed the reserve that has kept other magazines at arm's length. These magnificent pictures are the result!

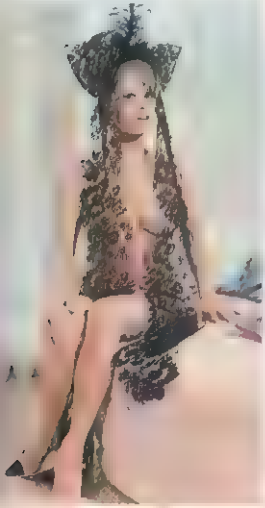


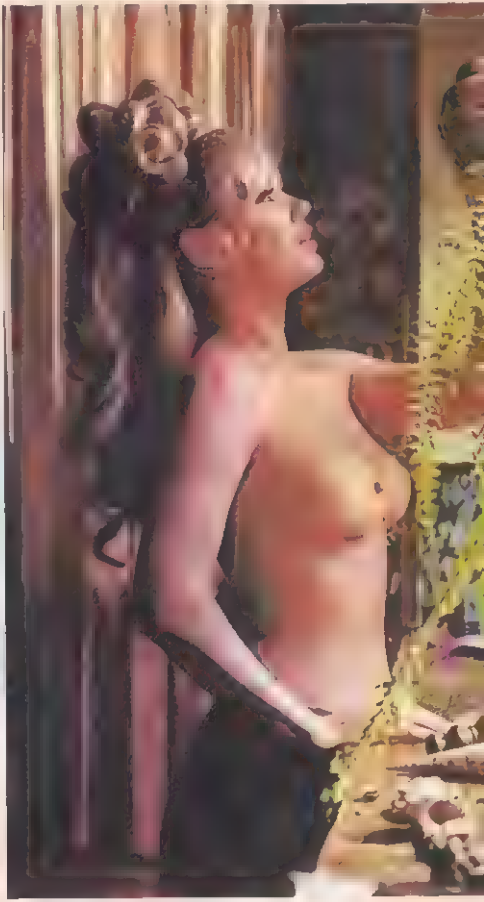


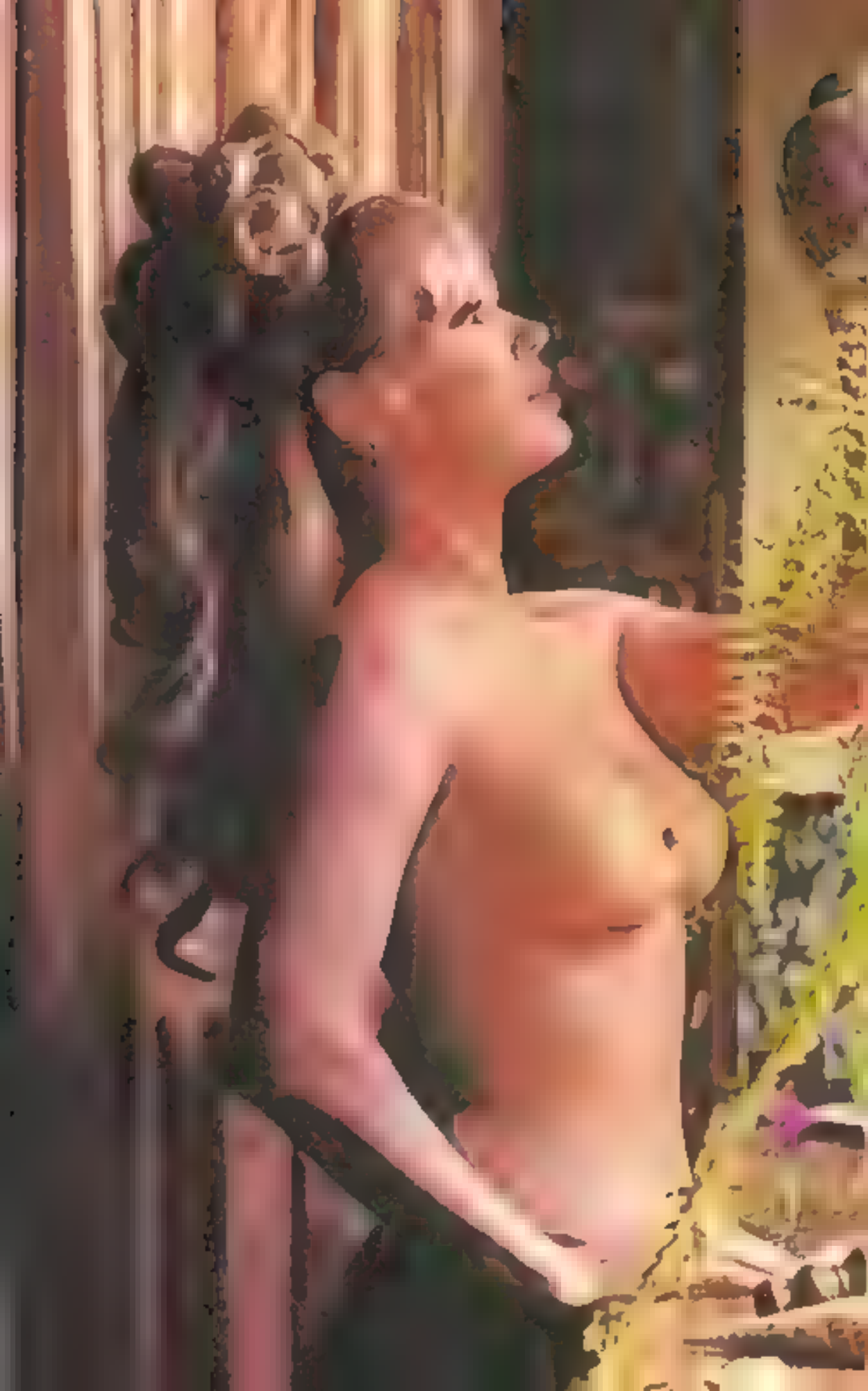
A new Mamie is now emerging from the changing chrysalis of Hollywood. Between films she is planning a sophisticated entertainment schedule at New York night spots like the Persian Room and at leading hotels.

She has just written a revealing, sometimes poignant autobiography. It includes many of the sizzling episodes in her life that earned her the title of Hollywood Sexpot."

She talks frankly of her loves during her early struggle for fame and of the men who came after. She names names candidly but in no spirit of malice, rather as a purging of the past.







The book, *My Naughty, Naughty Life*, will appear on newsstands in late July under the Century label. It will contain other exclusive pictures of Mamie as no one has ever seen her before, including a full color photo "insert."

Samples of Mamie's philosophy from her forthcoming book: "If I go for a man, I go 100 per cent. If I don't, he hasn't a chance . . . have to like a man before he can make me with me . . . and I'm like a gourmet who has dined on the finest foods. It takes a startling delicacy to whet my appetite now."

Another note: "If I have strayed it has been the honest straying of a hedonistic young woman . . . who still believes there must be a taste of rare species of life if one's existence is to be fully experienced and enjoyed."

Mamie's latest film is Harlequin International's *Three Nuts in Search of a Bolt*, in which she plays a striptease who likes bath-in beer! The film was produced by and also stars Tommy Noonan, well-known Hollywood figure.

Mamie said after seeing scenes from the film: "People will think I'm a lush." In actual fact, Mamie doesn't drink nor does she smoke.

But in these TOPPER pictures, you'll agree, she's a fiery smoulders!

"I can never fully understand why, in this vertical world, men prefer me horizontal ."

Its ancient magic was for virgins and that can change any time!

Smelling of damp and mold and centuries of valley dust, the walls of the old castle rose like some fantastic backdrop to a scene from hell. Giolette, the youngest of the chorines, shuddered at the sight of it behind the tent. shuddered in spite of the night air that carried only a darker version of the afternoon heat. Quickly she closed the flap and dressed herself in the brief costume, pausing once before the tiny mirror to admire the long taper of her thighs and the rise of her breasts that were not hidden by the flounce of lace at her bodice.

But it was still an hour before curtain and the stillness of the tent became thick. Giolette opened the flap again and stood motionless in the entry waiting and watching the night for the something she felt would happen. But her eyes were drawn back to the castle wall and the ancient pull of childish tales opened her mind to ogres and princes and romance that whispered its eternal theme with roses and deeds of gallantry.

Then her involuntary fear of the wall seemed to melt, and she walked towards it without knowing why or really wanting to. The wall was cool to her touch. Her hands touched it tentatively at first, her slim fingers growing more familiar with the damp and slimy smooth surface, then the full force of her palms pressed against it, seeking its relieving coolness. She pressed her face against it, and it did not feel cool any longer but warm like the embrace of a young lover. She felt a strange surge of wanting flush through her body, skimming lightly like the fingers of a pianist down the length of her legs then back again to flutter against her stomach and over her breasts. She could feel the cheeks of shame burn into her being, but she did not try to chase the feeling away.

A cloud passed over the moon, but Giolette was not afraid any more. She would hold this precious feeling, she thought, keep it wet and warm and chime me at the same time. And she did not pull away from the wall.

Suddenly the musty damp of the wall ceased in her nostrils and was replaced by a pungent antiseptic smell, but not gently or persuasively as the wall had done with its ancient perfume, but harshly and with thick muscular fingers that covered

her mouth stopping the shriek that her mind wanted to vocalize even before it formed in her brain. Another arm was about her crushing her waist to the thick body behind her. She tried to run, but the thing behind her held tighter. Lifting her without effort and then moved with her slowly along the wall for a few minutes.

Her arms were pinioned at her side and her head could not move more than to see a trace of lighter in the cloud cover that threw darkness of total black around her. She awoke suddenly and felt the shame of nakedness even before she felt the weight of the body over her pressing down, down with first a piercing crush then an agonizing vibration that crescendoed about her head with all the might of her mind's emotional orchestra. And then it was quiet.

Once again she could smell the cool and antique dampness of the wall nearby its dry and wet simultaneousness soothing her into calmness. Giovette rose from the soft moss of the ground and found that she was in a tiny grotto of the wall. For comfort, she went to the wall and touched it, but it felt only cold and slimy. She withdrew her hand in repulsion and ran screaming back to her tent, the remnants of her costume in tattered and muddied shreds.

She did not have to perform that night, but the next morning she was sent to the town doctor. He bade her lie down on the table and prepared to examine her. As he came close to her she knew. She knew. But the cry that could not escape the night before no longer had any desire to. She reached up to him, pulling his hand down to her mouth inhaling the antiseptic fragrance before she pressed her lips against it. Do it again, doctor.

fellini:

GENIUS ON A BAROQUE MERRY-GO-ROUND

Award winning Fellini pictured above with the Oscar he received for the film 8½. Likes to relax with the harp (left). Below he shows how he wants a scene played—or is he just kicking off at soccer, a game he enjoys?

This Award-winning Italian's "frescoe fantasies" mirror the all too real decadence of modern society!

There is a traffic jam in the tunnel. Bumper to bumper several automobiles and a bus are stalled there. Passengers hang out of the windows of the bus. The cars seem to be waiting an eternity for the light to change. In one of the autos a driver sits by himself.

With the motor of the car running he is overcome by fumes. The windows won't open. He bangs on them for help but the occupants of the other cars look on stonily. He makes one last desperate effort to break free.

Then suddenly, he is floating away over the tops of the cars. He soars in the sky over the seacoast, only to be dragged back to earth kite-fashion by a man pulling on a rope tied to his leg.

He awakens with a start in a large room at a resort hotel. A doctor is dictating a prescription to a nurse at his bedside. The patient needs a rest cure. Later he is strolling aimlessly through the spacious parklike grounds of the resort. He notices an ethereal nurse passing out mugs of mineral water. He is moved by her iridescent beauty and purity, but somehow he cannot speak to her.

A nightmare? Yes. But an epochal cinematic nightmare which is the creation of the New Wave's foremost maestro, Federico Fellini. The driver and the patient are both a director in Fellini's award winning motion picture 8½. He has made eight and a half movies to date; the half being a segment in *Boccaccio 70*. The film won an Oscar as the best foreign offering at this year's movie awards in Hollywood.

Art is a mirror to life and that mirror if effective is often a self portrait. In 8½ the director played by Marcello Mastroianni uses the name of Guido Anselmi. But Anselmi is the self portrait of Fellini and the maestro is creating a cinematic work of art out of his own image.

He is weak, confused and vacillating. He finds himself unable to cope with reality and seeks a way out in his dreams. This is how Fellini describes the visual image of his self portrait. The resort spa depicted in the picture is not unlike Chamcuiano, where the director spent a two week rest cure after completing *La Dolce Vita*.

With unprecedented daring can a man, an artist, a director, succeed in symbolizing his own life in putting his likeness, dreams, objectives, frustrations, loves and emotions into black and white visual images on a two-dimensional screen?

It is beyond doubt a work of art of the first magnitude dealing with the raw material of experience and the

Continued on page 32

fellini:

way an artist adjusts to it," stated *Newsweek*. "No film has ever soared higher."

Italian audiences apparently concur. *8½* has outpaced the sensational *La Dolce Vita* there, and is expected to gross $3,600,000 which would make it one of Italy's all time money-makers.

After watching *8½*, one critic called Fellini, "the Kierkegaard of the screen." Others have compared him with Joyce and Proust. Some reviewers have compared *8½* with *Last Year at Marienbad*, directed by one of Fellini's contemporaries, Michelangelo Antonioni.

"But I'm no philosopher!" Federico Fellini objects. "I work by impulse. I *feel* my films before I start working on them. I have never read Joyce's *Ulysses* or Proust, and I know Kierkegaard by name only."

Fellini declares he has not seen *Marienbad* but from what he has heard he is inclined to regard it as "a purely intellectual abstraction."

In this respect *8½* is the exact opposite of *Marienbad*," he continues. "If a man is open in his attitude toward life, he remains open toward culture too, and can feel and communicate it as an important life force without necessarily being overwhelmed by it."

But Fellini thinks there is an inherent danger of audiences reading too much into *8½*. "Sit back and enjoy the film as an informal discourse between the spectator and the man who is confessing everything. The movie is an intimate study of a man who could be Everyman when his heart and soul are opened up for the world to see."

Fellini's cinematic techniques are imaginative and boundless. By relentless fast cutting of close details he will depict a violent mood. Or he will interchange Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries* with the whimsy of Rossini, to captivate another mood and to stretch and compress his audiences as if they were puppets attached to strings on his fingers.

All the while the nightmare continues. The haggard director wanders around the resort pursued by producers, his wife, mistress, leading lady and haunted by the memories of his mother and a seaside prostitute with whom he had his first sexual experiences. The contrast between good and evil, purity and decadence, is brilliantly accomplished through his camera by delicately weaving whites with blacks, and vice versa.

La Saraghina, the seaside whore was in Fellini's youth a monstrous slut who sold her capabilities to visiting fishermen for *saraghine—sardines*. For pennies, she would raise her skirts for young boys, completely exposing herself.

Federico recalls going to her shack with a group of boys and throwing stones at it until "she came out, cursing us, smoke pouring from inside her hut, her eyes bigger than a lion's, her hair like a raging Medea's against the sun."

It was from this early experience that Fellini became preoccupied with large-breasted heroines who reached their epitome with the towering Anita Ekberg in *Roccaccio 70*.

Thus *8½* continues to be Fellini's masterful self portrait reflecting his views of life. "Woman is mother, sister, saint and virtue, and the other side is where vice, corruption and sin," he philosophizes, though the maestro claims to be neither a philosopher nor an intellectual. "When we make too many problems, we lose ourselves. In *8½*, it is only when Guido gives up his problem that he is saved."

Federico Fellini, 41, is dark, tall, bushy haired, stocky and impeccably dressed, even when working under considerable strain. He has been involved with making motion pictures for eighteen years. He comes from Romagna, a region on the upper Adriatic coast where ideas and words flow freely. A fellow *romagnolo* was Benito Mussolini.

By the time Fellini reached draft age, Italy was losing the war and he managed to escape induction by pleading ill health. He left home early to seek fame and fortune in Rome. His first work came as a minor cartoonist on a humor magazine. He briefly tried his luck at writing scenarios.

After the Allied occupation in June 1944, Fellini and several fellow cartoonists started "Funny Face Shops" where they sold quick portraits to passing and comparatively well-heeled G.I.'s.

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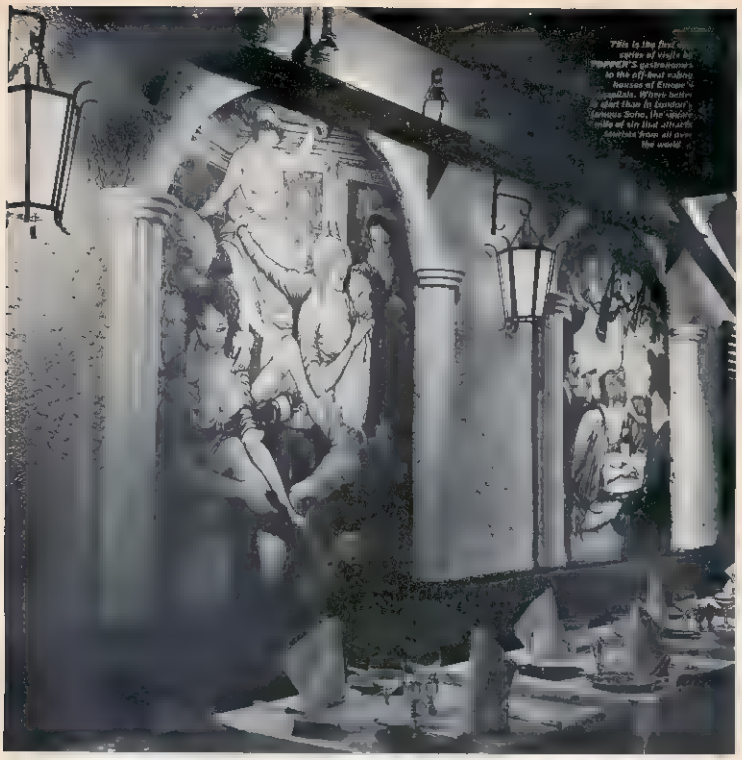


This is the first series of visits by TATLER'S gastronomers to the off-beat eating houses of Europe's capitals. Where better to start than in London's famous Soho, the capital city of six-and-a-half dozen countries from all over the world.

DINING OUT WITH BACCHUS

The decor can be misleading. Elaborate murals depicting Bacchanalian orgies in modern setting might suggest to the newcomer that here one can live it up a little after the wine.

But it would never do to take any such thing for granted at Soho's latest Italian restaurant, the *Trattoria Del Buon Vecchio*. That is, if you're the type who gets aggressive when you find the girls aren't laid on at the time.

In an alcoholic surge of over-confidence you might run into one of the three proprietors, and it

But at the Trattoria, in Soho, there are three good reasons why you shouldn't let it go to your head.

would be like running at a brick wall if it happened to be Ray Hunter former British heavyweight wrestling champion. Ray 6'3" and 250 lbs of sound muscle is a film stunt man who now wrestles only for a hobby. But he hasn't forgotten a thing.

You would be just a little less unfortunate if you happened to pick on another of the partners, Tony de Miche. Tony also was a wrestler of distinction.

The third owner Paul Lincoln has forgotten more about wrestling than many a top grunt and groan expert. He controls 170 wrestlers, and promotes a total 70 events a month all over Britain.

The *Trattoria* as might be expected is likely to have less trouble than some of the eateries in cosmopolitan Soho.

The front of the restaurant isn't imposing by com

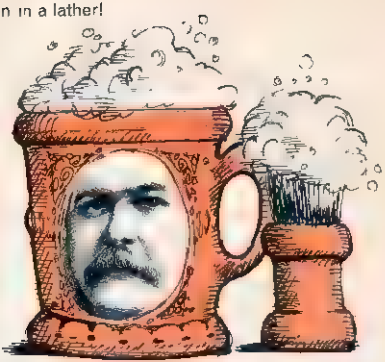
continued on page 36

parison with some of London's more famous eating houses. But the *Tit-Bit* has more ale and than many and the proprietors will obtain any dish ordered by a customer even if it means sending for it from anywhere in the world.

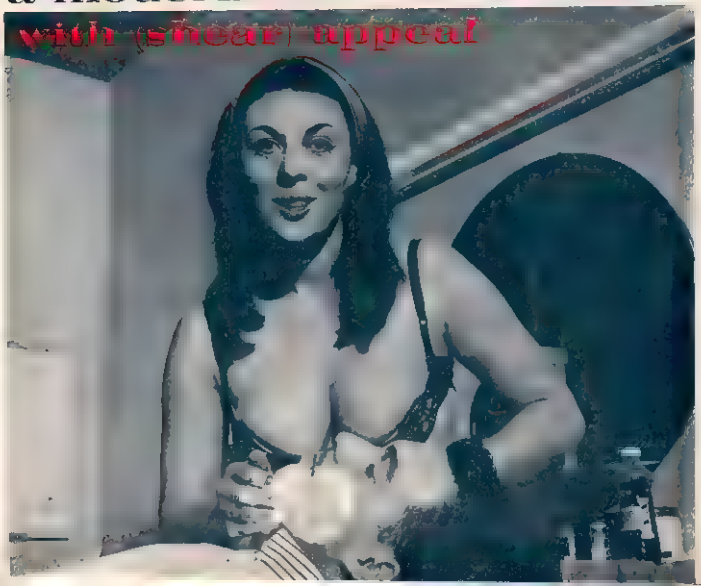
All this took on a little notice

The chef was ... [illegible] ... The [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ...

Th s barber shop beauty has al. the men in a lather!



a modern DELILAH



The days of the barbershop quartets have gone, and now without nostalgia. But perhaps the most up to date hair setting salon in the land couldn't care less. It has an attraction that would render any male quartet silent.

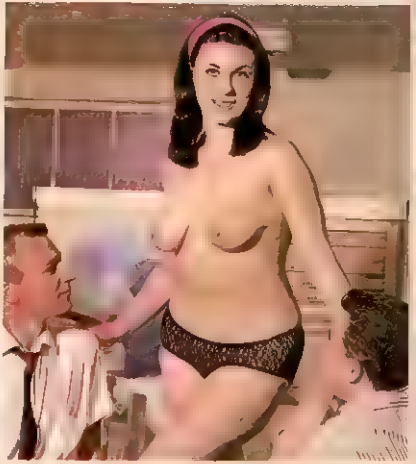
The modern Delilah in these pictures who for *shear* appeal takes preference over any musical foursome, however talented.

And when *she* sits a razor she has the men all steamed up ever before she gives them a hot towel and puts them all in the lather that was never canned by Burma Shave.

The other Delilah, herself a fast change with the clippers as Samson found out, was probably responsible for a lot of the reservations that men have acquired over the centuries about letting women get in their hair or rather at it.

But one girl at TOPPER is Linda, attired in a way that leaves her maximum freedom for tonsorial activities and speaks for itself.

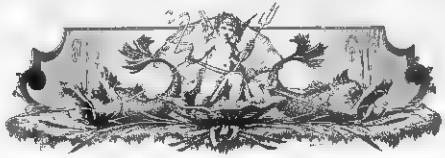
As one delighted customer, lingering after a shampoo with something less than appreciation, put it, Linda can scrape up an acquaintance with me any time.



He doesn't know it yet, but this guy is in for a crew cut

This is much easier how about a Mohican cut?

You're next, s r t you can tear yourself away from your paper

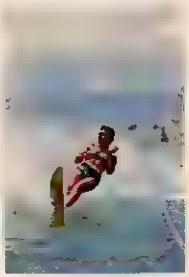


WATER NYMPH

WHO CAN'T SWIM

NANCY'S A WHIZ ON SKIS; *To see lovely Nancy Andrews perform difficult acrobatic feats on water skis, you would think that she had been born in the sea. But Nancy can barely swim! She cannot keep afloat for long without her skis.* ☐ *Yet Nancy has become a champion! She has won the highly competitive Water Sport Championship of Hawaii* ☐ *"Water skiing takes hold of you like a drug when you first get the hang of it," she said. "Though I admit there were some terrifying moments when I was learning, not being able to swim much!"* ☐ *Nancy, 25, lives in Eagle Rock, California, when she isn't winning trophies in Honolulu where she lives on a boat docked at Waikiki Beach* ☐ *Water skiing hasn't always been a passion of hers. But sports and outdoor activities generally have always had a special place in her life.* ☐ *Even when she was working in mainland offices, after hours found Nancy skiing on snow slopes or swinging on the*

SHE HAS TO BE -SHE'D BE SUNK WITHOUT 'EM



Story and photos by Max B. Miller

golf course. She even entered an 18 hour roller skating marathon contest.

Nancy first went to Hawaii in August of 1961 with her sister and a friend. By chance she met Archie McPherson, a Hawaiian who teaches water skiing to friends as a hobby.

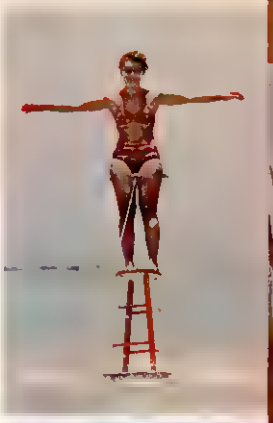
Before she could say, "I can't swim," Nancy and water skiing were a team.

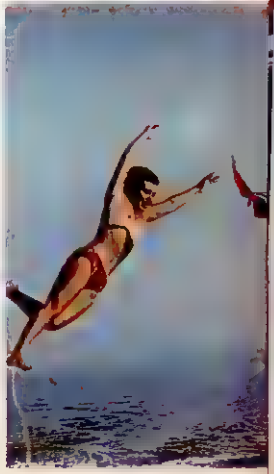
"Archie had a hell of a time teaching me how to ski," Nancy recalls. "But it was kind of a challenge to try to outdo my roommate who was taking lessons also. And I did outdo her—in about a week! In two months, I learned a whole routine with a stool and a saucer."

Because she can barely swim, she has had several close calls. Nancy and Archie used to meet the luxury liners on arrival in Honolulu and perform water skiing stunts for the enthralled passengers. One day, she fell in front of a huge liner, and if

Have you seen this one

Whoops—over we go





Hey, I've lost something

Ah, got it!

A girl can feel so much more *free* without a bra...and out here at sea who's going to look?

Archie had not been there to rescue her, it might have been the end of a brief career. And then history repeated itself two more times, and Nancy gave up tempting fate in this way.

There have been other mishaps. Once, while skimming across the water after a night of little sleep, Nancy fainted. Archie, who had been towing her, didn't realize she had fallen until he happened to glance backward several seconds later. He saved her again—but it took four days in the hospital before Nancy could return home.

For Nancy, the future centers on water skiing. She'd like to plunge wholeheartedly into competion and start a school for prospective water skiiers in Honolulu.

"Water skiing is the only sport I'm interested in now," she says. "I'm going to stick with it. It's the only thing I really care about." But she agrees that maybe she ought to take up swimming one of these days.

Columbus discovered the clitoris in 1593. Doctor Realdus Columbus, that is, the first modern European to publicly emphasize that little gadget's importance. So says Havelock Ellis in his monumental two volume work, "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," published some three hundred years later. ♀ Typically, Ellis comments on the above piece of information: "The nervous supply of this little organ is very large, and the dorsal nerve of the clitoris is relatively three or four times larger than that of the penis." This kind of instruction, the reader may well assert, belongs to the world. ♀ Yet when Ellis first attempted to publish his massive compendium of every possible item of natural and unnatural sexual interest that he had accumulated during a lifetime of research, he was hauled into a London court on charges that make the present day purveyors of erotica appear Sunday schoolish by comparison. ♀ Ellis was accused of "Having unlawfully and wickedly published and sold, and caused to be procured and sold, a wicked, bawdy and scandalous, and obscene book called "Studies in the Psychology of Sex", in order to vitiate and corrupt morals, to debauch and poison the minds, to raise and create lustful desires, and to bring people into a state of wickedness, lewdness and debauchery." In the same way that every modern author owes an often unacknowledged debt to William Shakespeare, so every writer of erotica, from Frank Harris to Henry Miller, owes a similar debt of gratitude

Continued on page 51

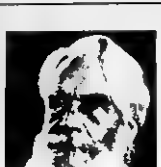
Seventy years ago, Havelock Ellis discovered sex; Even today his "case histories" would make any self respecting censor blush!

Article/George Bishop

PIONEER O

F EROTICA

ET TU, BRUTÉ ?



HAVELOCK ELLIS

(continued from previous page)

to havelock Ellis. This scholarly, painstaking pioneer wrote what might well be termed the pornographic bible without actually intending that it be regarded as such. When he was brought to trial in 1899 no less a distinguished literary figure than Bernard Shaw formed a committee to defend him one of the committee's most ardent members was Frank Harris, whose "Lives and Loves" – a supposed record of his amorous dalliances read suspiciously like a number of Ellis' actual case histories.

It is in his stress on the real as opposed to the fictional that Ellis outstrips his followers and imitators. When, in a chapter discussing mutual erotic stimulation, he reports the case study of a European lady who "derived quite as much, indeed more pleasure from digitally titillating her rectum as from vulvo-vaginal titillation" he didn't feel that he was urging countless young ladies to experiment with a digital daisy chain. However the courts felt otherwise, and forced him to go to France and Germany for the publication of his works.

Havelock Ellis has said last about all there is to say about sex and sexual aberration. While acknowledging a debt to Sigmund Freud, Ellis holds no other sexual scholar to be his equal. His "Studies" begin where such classics as Krafft Ebings' "Psychopathia Sexualis" leave off.

He has something to say about anything remotely connected with sex: for example he has a rather unique theory about modesty in women. "Among English girls" he writes, "I have noticed that the dislike and shame of allowing a man to have sexual intercourse with them, when newly married is simply due to the fact that the sexual aperture is so closely apposed to the anus and the bladder. If the vulva and vagina were situated between a woman's shoulder blades I do not think they would feel about intercourse as they sometimes do."

Ellis' basic research and his uninhibited interpretation of countless case histories have educated and entertained serious students of sex love since the turn of the century. He devotes considerable space to a detailed study of Undinism – a word he coined as a derivative of Undine a sixteenth century water nymph. "The bladder," he reports summarily, "is the mirror of the soul. The remote ancestors of man," he continues, "we cannot doubt, were salt water animals." He goes on to describe, in unprintable detail, the love play of both male and female Undinists, with the orgasm being achieved in what might be termed a flood of mutual affection. Ellis finds water symbolism an intergral part of our modern existence.

The first great chronicler of sex habits has little patience with sexual abstinence. Quoting from the famous Hippocratic treatise "On The Joints," he writes "All parts of the body which are developed for a definite use are kept in health by the fulfillment of that use, and by their appropriate exercise in the employment to which they are accustomed." According to his research, women bear sexual abstinence less stoically than do men and "either masturbate when sexual intercourse is impossible or fall into hystero-neurasthenic states. A great many women," Ellis continues, "who are healthy, chaste and modest feel at times such powerful sexual desire that they can scarcely resist the temptation to go into the street and solicit the first man they meet. The garments and posture of the body," he goes on to say, "are not without influence in exciting to sexual system. Sleeping on the back, which congests the spinal centres, also acts in the same way, thus it is stated that in the Franciscan order it is prohibited to lie on the back."

The orgy without which few modern writers of eroticism could exist in print receives a typically thorough Havelock Ellis treatment. The early Christians, he informs us, taking their cue from the Greeks and Romans, "recognized the need for an occasional orgy." The celebration of Shrove Tuesday, "constituted a Christian Bacchanalian festival in which all classes joined. The greatest freedom and activity of sexual movement was encouraged: some went about naked without shame, some crawled on all fours, some on stilts, some imitated animals."

"All great and vigorous peoples," Ellis writes in summation, "of the East and West have found it necessary to play with their sacred things."

In Ellisian fashion he propounds the theory that the gradual taming of orgiastic behavior was responsible for the introduction of large scale professional prostitution. "The orgy in its primitive forms, forbidden to show itself openly and regularly, seeks the darkness and firmly entrenches itself in the very centre of civilized life," he writes. Or to translate his theory into a more contemporary locale: Christine Keeler would be selling buttons in Piccadilly if John Profumo had been allowed to run around in public with his pants off on Shrove Tuesday.

The fact that Havelock Ellis was a medical doctor in addition to being a sex-oriented psychologist lends weight to even his more controversial theories. "Kissing," he writes, "is an extremely common source of syphilitic infection. In some cases it is true, this is the result of abnormal sexual contacts. But in the majority of cases it is the result of ordinary and slight kisses as between young children, between parents and children, between lovers and acquaintances. It remains true that people who are not intimate enough to know the state of each other's health are not intimate enough to kiss each other."

If this line of reasoning could be projected into modern advertising, slogans such as "Does She or doesn't she?" would take on an entirely new connotation.

Among professional psychologists who subscribe to the Freud Ellis theme of sexual predominance Havelock Ellis' case history of Florrie is considered to be an established classic. Much as contemporary theologians cite the exemplary life of Mother Cabrini so latter day clinical psychologists refer admiringly to Ellis's record of Florrie as the primary source of all subsequent studies of the more bizarre forms of sexual deviation. In a chapter titled "The History of Florrie and The Mechanism of Sexual Development" Havelock Ellis takes us into the most intimate recesses of his subject: correspondents mind and body. Much of the history cannot be reproduced in public print however, the high spots of Florrie's progress from age six to her early fifties are recordable.

Even if judged by today's highly elastic emotional standards Florrie emerges as a crazy mixed up kid. When she was barely six a lad of sixteen stuck his hand up her petticoats, she screamed and her father mistaking the situation, punished her for screaming by whipping her until the blood came. She found that she liked being beaten and screamed some more. Then she discovered that her nurse got angry and spanked her if she didn't go wee wee on command. The spanking always made her go, but the sensation surpassed mere physical relief so she took to holding back so that she would be spanked, be forced to come across and get a third charge on top of the first

Continued on page 80

The Galactic Decameron

From out of the stars, a futuristic Boccaccio reveals that the game of love is the same as love!

This is a partial translation of that famous archeological discovery The Omaha Cavern Tapes. Recorded some three and a half centuries ago, the narrator of these tales was not known but thought to have been a servant or innkeeper of the hostelry where they were told. If any conclusion can be drawn from their content, it should be that even then, a mere 80 earth years after the close of that most disheartening chapter in human history the Second Dark Age, mankind still maintained its two bases for survival: a sense of humor and imagination. Homo sapiens. Or as the eminent sociologist, Mohammed ibn Mao pompously put it, Man pursues his ship of fate through the uncharted ages with, his eyes closed, a crash on his hips and his sex drive at full throttle.

To insure integrity of meaning, a literal translation has been made and footnotes are used only where necessary for continuity.

10 February 2809 — *Cordonn La Wa, LHH*

Gathered about the great log fire of the Camsto Inn that dark and frozen night were three brave, gallants and two fine ladies whose names I shall not tell for you would surely recognize them and that would be an embarrassment. They were a merry band that pleased in each other's company, savoring the droll conversation, fine wine and other pleasures far into the night.

All, being widely travelled and highly educated, they spoke of many wondrous and amusing things, some of which I shall herein relate.

One of the great sirs, merry of eye with beard and mustache of fire, rose, being a man of eight feet or more and gathered unto tribes of station about him for he was truly a lord of many systems — and in a voice of thunder of a Jovian hurricane cried:

In a system of this galaxy near the cluster known as Sonnas Beast, there formerly lived a merchant who, to his misfortune, had a very pretty young wife. He traveled much to buy and sell his merchandise and while he was gone this considerate lady loaned out his private game preserves, giving herself to whomever she could find with weapons enough to mount the hunt.

The exact location of this place is not definitely known, but it is assumed to have been on Callisto, fifth moon of Jupiter in the Earth system.

Now the merchant being a vain and foolish man was not aware of this sharing of his property, and the poaching continued for several earthyears, getting worse with time—so hot burned the flame in his good wife's body. But finally it came to pass that friends of the wealthy man seeing what he could not see, his eyes being swathed by ego and pride, told him that he had better look to his own chattels, for surely his goods were being misused.

The merchant was greatly angered at this news and refused to believe it and so, determined to prove his friends wrong, caused a *tweecorder* to be hidden in the wall of his wife's bedchamber.

He was no sooner gone upon his next voyage, which was some earthdays later, than this fine and virtuous lady, feeling the need of a cuckold, summoned to her the ionic servant who of recent months had begun to look upon his master's journeys with regret. The good fellow was fast becoming sickly and could no longer properly perform his duties during the merchant's presence, so strenuous were his duties during the merchant's absence. But in spite of his infirmity, the loyal servant anticipated the roasting horn and had laid by a goodly measure of a certain potion which is unawful to possess but readily available on the pleasure planet Sensuous. The brave man mounted to do battle 27 times and afterward dragged himself back to his quarters where he had to summon a physician for a medicant to enable him to rise from his pallet within three earthdays.

But even after the servant retired, the good wife's hunger was not satisfied. It had become more ravenous and, without so much as a Betelgeuse[1] But she moved from base motives to spend by summoning a certain sculptor whose heroic and picaresque and marvelous reputation prided the entire planet.

Leaving the visaphone dark she said, "Come at sun, worthy sculptor, to accept a commission to raise a statue in my garden," which was a prearranged sign between them that had been used many times before, as you can easily imagine.

Well, the sculptor accepted with much pleasure, for there were few who appreciated his art as much as this fair lady, and soon had his coptor parked in the merchant's private port. But to describe what further ensued would be repetitious and is the kind of activity that is better imagined anyway.

When the merchant returned from his journey and played the viewtape and saw his faithful wife shaming her chastity with her feet in the air, his wrath was a nova. But he did not show it and instead went to a nearby city, returning seven earthdays later with a new servant to replace the one whom he immediately saw fit to discharge for lack of performance. His wife was not a little sad to see the stout fellow go, as you might imagine, but could really say little against the other than she thought his performance had been satisfactory.

However the new servant was handsome and well mannered, and the good mistress soon became restless to see her husband away upon another voyage. And so, one fine morning, seeing his wife's blue love-tricks and covetous glances toward the servant, the merchant announced that he must be away on his next journey.

Before her husband's coptor was out of sight, the gluttonous woman had summoned the new servant to her bedchamber where she invited him to bury her face in her fields. Thus the servant was quite happy to do, and so on his work with a plow the use of which the lady, despite her experience in such agrarian pastimes, had never seen.

After four earth hours had passed and the servant had not yet been unhorsed for the first time, the lady began to feel discomfitted, and complained that it felt as if his magnificent blade had become even more magnificent and was now massing the furrows of her field too wide and too deep. To this the servant laughed and continued his tilling at an even faster pace.

Soon the woman was screaming, so great was her pain, but it had no effect on the servant, for he continued his work throughout the whole of that day, the total time being equivalent to two and one-half earthdays, before the woman died.

When the merchant returned from his journey, he found the two still locked upon the playground, and was much vexed to see that part of the servant's

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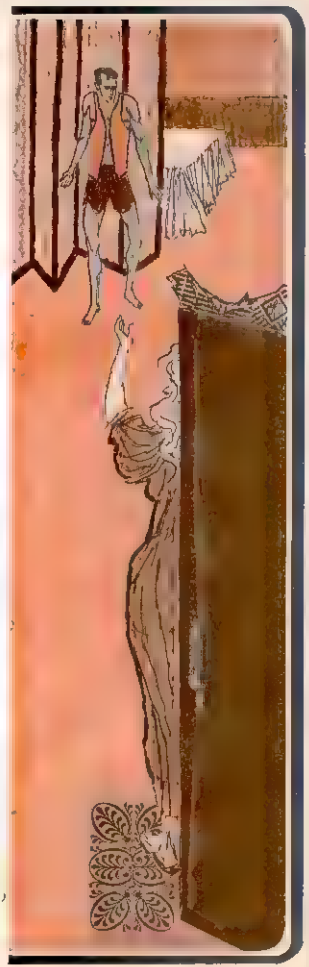
[1] *An ancient marriage custom of the Betelgeuse System that disappeared soon after initial civilized contact as reduced the number of men as to make the practice of polyandry no longer practical.*



face and been clawed away and that the interior circuitry was damaged. For instance, it could not remember how to be caressed by a sizeable sum when he returned to request it for the sweeper's private life. However, being an astute businessman, he was due to sell the sweeper to the network for almost as much as he had paid for renting the robot, and that did not even count interest.

A Design Of Love

Next one of the ladies said "You have told a good and amusing tale and sir, but it is me for one of us women to take her turn." Thereupon she told relate.

In a certain land in the center of the galaxy there lived a handsome, strapping fellow, as was so small, and a certain lady that he was constantly miserable. He had been making great progress in winning her favors until she discovered that a few trick he had played upon him. And being a serious woman she could not bear that there were many more men in the galaxy with whom she could spend her time, who were better furnished than this poor unfortunate fellow.

But the good lady, liking the fellow and not wanting to hurt his feelings, decided to continue to pursue the romance with the garter snake until she could devise a better way to refuse him her presence henceforward.

This greatly saddened the young man, and in his misery he went to an old engineer of his acquaintance and told him of his troubles in treating matters of the heart and other things. The engineer said, "I cannot help you where Fate has been concerned, but I was a scientist when you were only wet behind the ears, and I can help you with your love affairs, if you but say the word."

"Please tell me," the young man begged, "and I will pay anything."

It will cost you," the old engineer warned him, "but it would require the construction of a robot. It will be very difficult in order to pay it was so great

But the young man agreed, and the engineer gave him those instructions to build a robot. He was to take the earth and thorn and draw on the floor near the door a very fine design. Then he was to take the hands of your affections and when she steps into the design she will be yours forever. He tugged his beard and said, "I will be a woman for me sooner or later, but not before and will prevent any other woman from ever loving you," he warned in a menacing cackle.

"Oh, she is the one I want," cried the young man. "Show me the design."

Ah, be careful first," the engineer said.

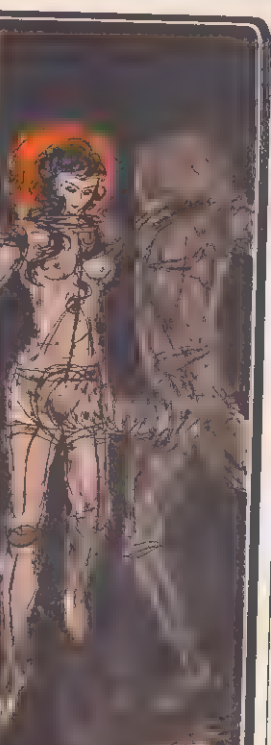
The robot drew the design, the contract received the design and went on its to the nearest spaceport where his custom captor, which was given to him on his sweet first birthday by his wealthy father, and would soon belong to the engineer if the science gods was as was planned, and from there he proceeded to the highest one nearest planet.

In the days of poor servitude, at his horse he drew the design on the floor and summoned as above to the stagehouse where he so convinced her of the urgency of his message, that she finally consented to come and see him, upon the condition however that he not try to press his suit with her. To this he readily agreed, chuckling to himself at his shrewdness.

Some time after the flow having baited the scented himself there came a knock at the door and a voice said, "Who is there?"

"It is I," came the muffled answer naming the love of his life. However it was not said love, but her house servant whom she had sent in her stead. Anyway, in a change of mind since saying to the young man in the stagehouse arms. But the servant had been instructed to answer in her mistress name to avoid the unpleasantness of the young man who did not know the servant and might detain in durating and telling her that for which her mistress was not married.

Come in. The old man, happily trying to conceal his excitement. But as the door opened and he saw that it was not the love of his life he cried



"Wait. Do not step ..."

A inch had the doorway been but a finger's breadth narrower than the would not permit passing so great around the middle as she. But such was not the case and as her ponderous feet stepped into the lovegram a peculiar fire kindled within her sow's eyes and she squealed and waddled toward him removing her mantle instead of a bonnet.

Realizing what horrible thing had happened, the poor fellow fell into a deep swoon from which was quite merciful for what followed would certainly have driven him mad.

He revived some early hours later with a great heaviness upon his heart which he found to be one of the woman's huge breasts lying across his chest as she snored loudly in the bed beside him. With great effort he slid from under his burden and, unmindful of his bruised and aching body, gathered up his tattered clothes and fled from the house, planet, and system, never to return again. Thus was the foolish fellow rewarded for trying to play a cruel foul trick on a good woman.

It is said that the engineer's suit for payment is still in the courts to this day, he still being alive through his own science. But the various heirs of the foul fellow's relatives, there being no direct descendants, have been able to prolong the litigation for over a century. And, as we all know, the strongest science in existence cannot entangle the workings of the law.

Finished Off In Mid-Air

Next, another of the fine gallants who had laughed heartily at the first two tales rose and, in a timbre that invited feminine resonance, did relate:

In an orbit that circles Saturn in the Earth system is the empty husk of a pleasure yacht of the last century. And floating in the main cabin of that ship are two pressure suits which are connected together in a most peculiar manner. But that is the substance of my tale.

This ship, which was considered of most modern design and magnificent fitting in those days, belonged to a very rich and handsome prince whose courage and sharp wits had gained for him a vast empire of systems and worlds. But this man, as is often the story with great men, had an Achilles heel. The sight of a small thigh or firm breast would drive his famous wits between his legs where he was played the fool by more than one woman across the galaxy.

On this voyage he had with him a very buxom and beautiful lady in quest of whose favours he had spent a sizeable fortune and had thus far received nothing in return. It is bad case of donwan's limp. He had pleaded his suit in every conceivable manner, showering her with expensive gifts and sumptuous living. They traveled in the Blue 4000 as a matter of truth. They even attended six royal coronations in the space of a fortnight, a record that to my knowledge had never been equaled to this day. That lady, who was known to take love wherever she found it, giving it as good as she got, took great pleasure in teasing this poor fellow. And though it was considered the greatest honor to be favored by His royal and famous gallant for he was strong and healthy and not unattractive upon, this good lady could not help her self so great was her pleasure at parrying his amorous charges.

Finally the contest becoming a matter of prestige and he yet determined not to take the castle by force, the unhappy one hired the ship onto his private yacht under the pretense of visiting the Galactic Fair at Sorbose. But instead he put the ship into a counter orbit around Saturn in order to expose the good woman's resistance to the tremendously romantic powers of the nightlights.

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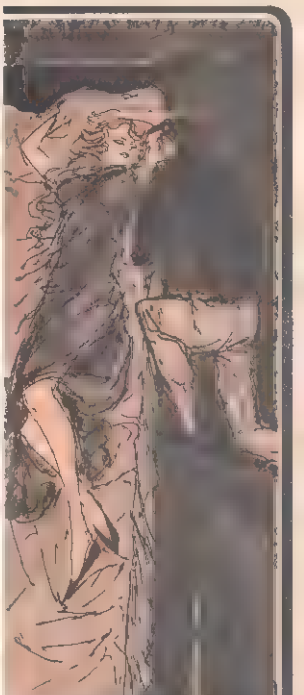
In 2438 Koegovitch proved these mysterious powers merely a form of hypnosis that peculiarly entranced women into a state where they could think of nothing but doing you know what



IMPORTED BEERS / COURTESY OF MAC'S FINE SPIRITS, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF

SOME DIVINER DRINK

Article/By **Mack Reynolds**

IT MAY BE ONLY A BUCKET O' SUDS TO MANY, BUT TO THE COGNOSCENTI, BEER IS THE KING!

I don't want to seem an alarmist, gentlemen, however if this current trend is allowed to develop it will probably eventuate in the extinction of beer drinkers. Live and let live, that's what I say but if the propaganda the vintners and their lackeys are spreading continues each of us will windup sprawled in some alley off skid row nursing a gallon of muscatel.

The lines of attack are insidious and usually aimed at civilization's weakest link, female **homo sapiens,** but what worries me are the signs of cracks in our own firm lines. A counteroffensive is in order.

You get a picture of a couple of men of distinction sitting around sipping a **Nuiets-St. George '47.** One murmurs to the other, commenting on the swill which has set him back five bucks a bottle, "A small wine really though with overtones of grandeur. How sad it didn't come from noble soil it might have taken on prestige."

And the other comes back with, "How true. Note the undistinguished bouquet."

What all this gobbledygook adds up to is that wine drinkers are sophisticated fanciers of the better things and beer bibbers are poor slobs - patches on their britches and spittoons ready at their feet who just don't know any better.

So you want to wear your clothes like Baron Wrangle (with or without eye patch), have the suave qualities of Noel Coward, and the looks of Gregory Peck? So in the future reach for a glass of the grape instead of a schooner of the foamy beverage you love.

Or, we have this new offensive. Half a dozen kitchen mechanics, refugees from their housework are sitting around a bridge table sipping a glass of what I assume is dago red. One says "I know nothing about vintages, or what wine goes with what food. I just drink what I like.

Continued on page 68

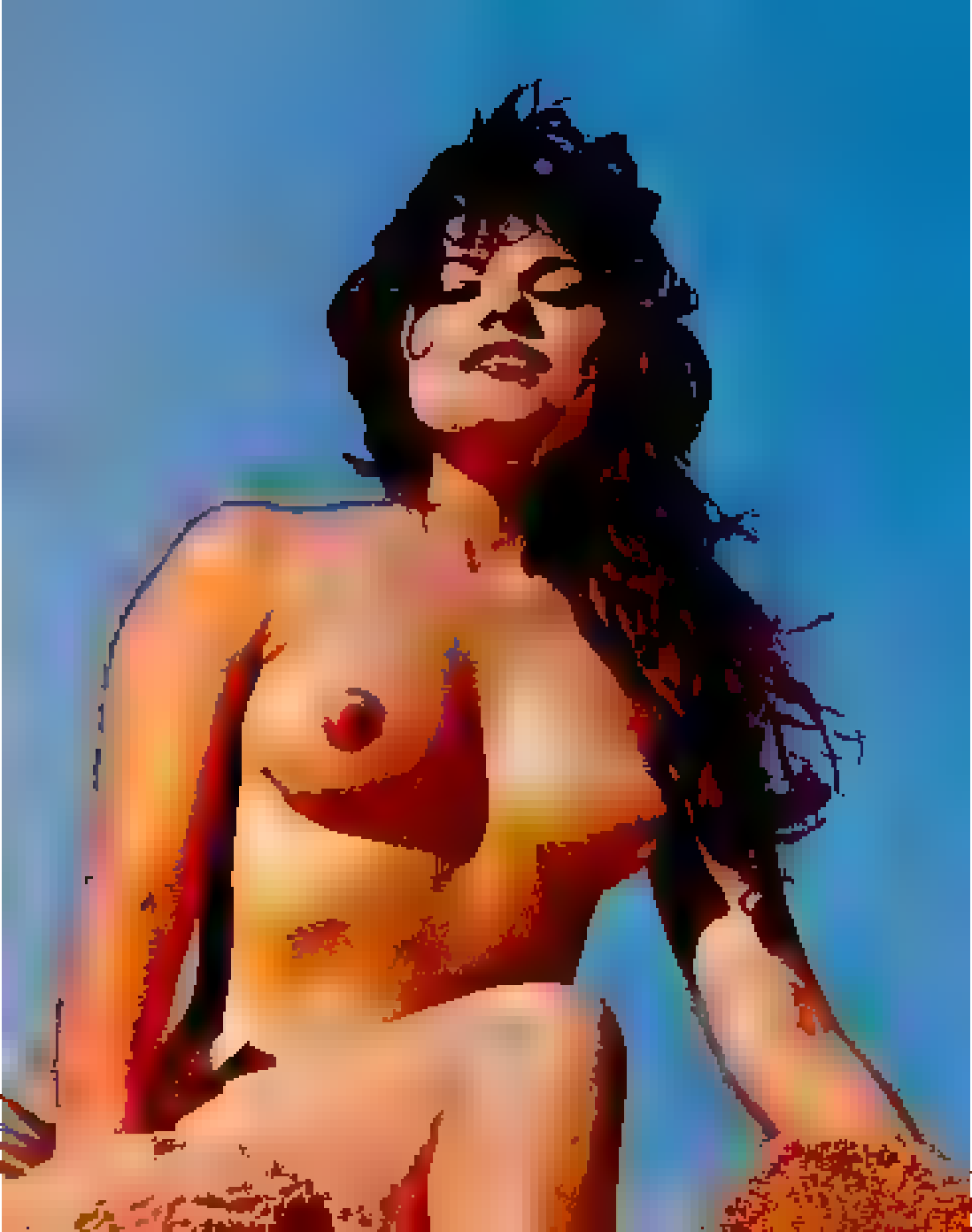
THE TOPPER GANG HAS A DESERT SUN BLOW-OUT BEFORE THE FALL SEMESTER

LAST FLING OF SUMMER

A couple of thousand years ago, back in the 1920's, a kid who made that greasy stuff famous rode across the silver screen dressed in what looked like a pajama outfit for Arctic nights. He went on riding right into the hearts of millions of women who made believe that they were the outraged, but more than willing, victims of the Sheik's little old kidnap plot. Valentino of course has long since passed on to that paradise

PICTURES BY MAX B. MILLER

Sun-worshipp ng demands the full sacrifice with max mum exposure to the caress ng rays and maybe a dance ritua to the strum of a guitar and the beat of the tom-toms



people—the girls rode on masculine laps! But all that beer had to be put somewhere, didn't it?

A few hours of Freewaying it, our now nicely warmed up co-eds and guys pulled off the main road and headed smack into buzzard territory. But except for the driver, the girls had eyes only for the guys, and the buzzards and other desert fauna be damned. To which we might say that they just possibly missed a few early morning blooming cacti flowers. But then that's about as good a thing to miss when a chick is on your lap as any!

Being normal college types all six, they unloaded the station wagon, making sure that the first package that came out was the cold beer! A point we mention simply to underline the high degree of intelligence displayed. When the beer case was taken out, it was promptly opened, thus providing ready refreshment for the onerous task of unloading the rest of the stuff: food, blankets, bongos, booze, more beer, and the ever important sun tan lotion. That last incidentally was provided for the obviously delightful task of putting the goop on the girls! By the time the party was planned, all the girls had long since become much too imune to the sunlight to really and desperately require the soothing unction of sun oil! And they knew it, but what the hell?

It took almost a half a case of beer to get the wagon unloaded, but it was worth it. By this time the sun was well up, and its beneficial rays pretty well baked out the possible heady effects of the brew!

Beauty in the brush. Time for solace, for a little private communication with the desert deities.

Act Two arrived just before lunchtime when the girls decided that there is no privacy like the desert in which to really get a sun bath—and all over too. The boys meanwhile had laid out the drums and began a little session while the girls hiding discreetly (they thought) behind a dune sunbathed.

Act Three curtain rose when the brassier. Hell with sunbathing said the brunette!, let's give the boys something to remember this day with—for the rest of their lives.

Act Three continued for the rest of the afternoon while the girls danced swayed and generally played hell with the boys emotions but it was all in good fun and how. The only interruptions to this dry drollery were for brew breaks and oh yes, for a little horsing with the guns.

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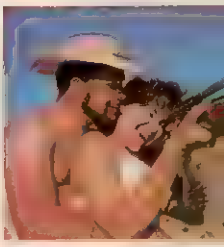
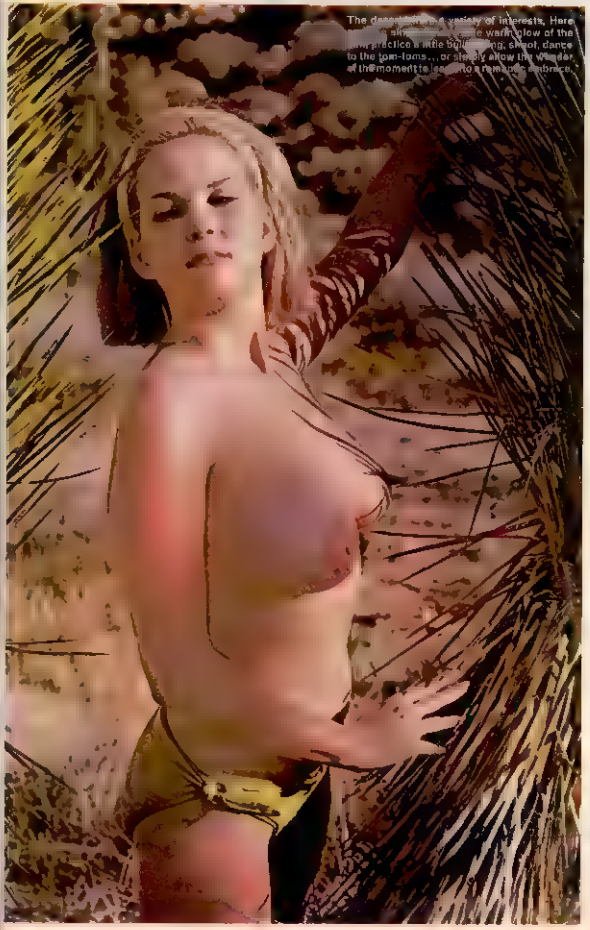
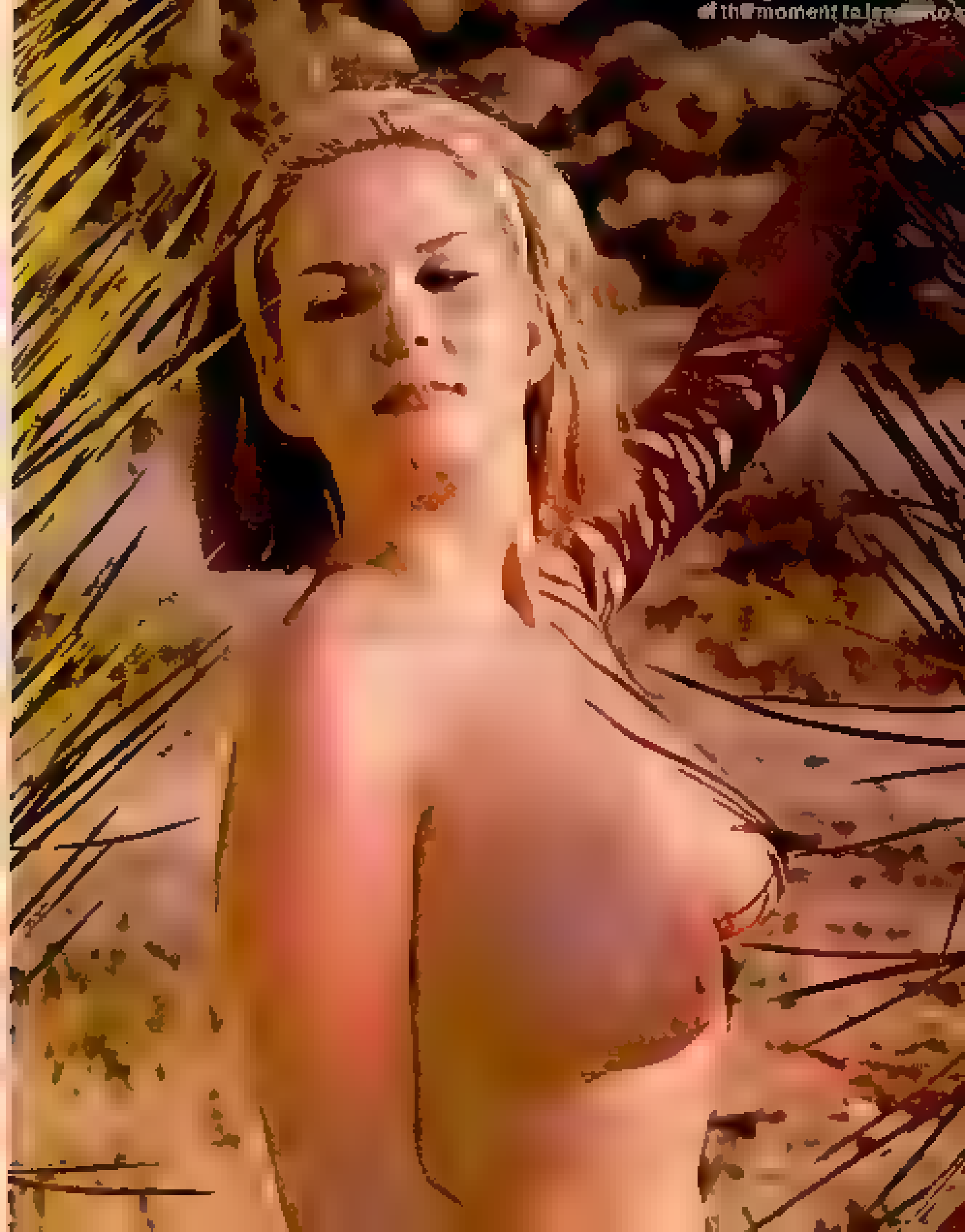
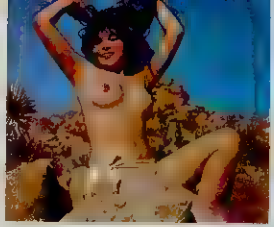


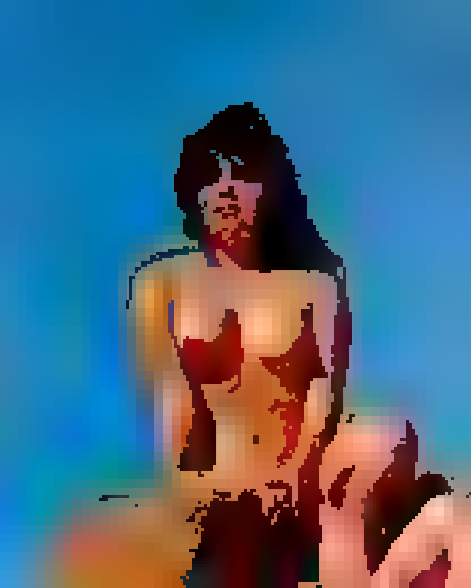

The desert has a variety of interests. Here
the sky
the warm glow of the
practice a little
ing, shoot, dance
to the tom-toms... or simply allow the wonder
of the moment to
into a romantic embrace.

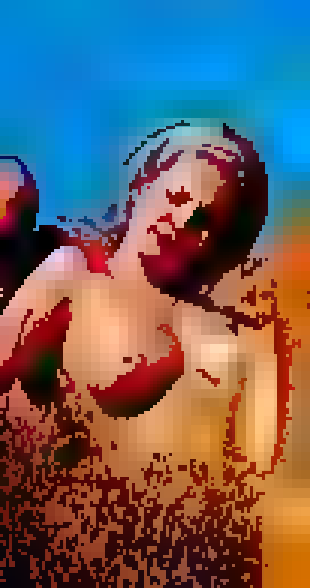


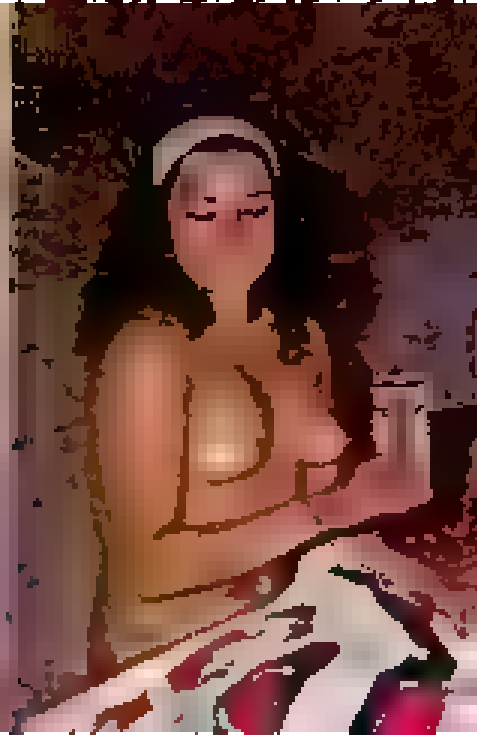
Somebody even suggested a mock shotgun wedding for one couple who had been eyeing each a little more than slightly amorously. The idea was nixed in favor of a campfire by the time the sun began to settle over the mountains. Besides, it was getting a little cool for braless bolstering.

Then... But who would dare be so crude as to ponder the delights of singing around the bright fire with the desert darkness all around and such lovely company. Company... Hey, where did everybody go?









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help but aid a person in making a sounder judgment regarding his motives for asking a girl to marry.

SANDY

The thing that's been bothering me is that sex on the campus is supposed to be part of the student's college education. Sex is something students should know about before they get to the campus. I think that's where the whole trouble lies. Once the student gets to college it's too late to expect him to deal maturely with sex because he's never been prepared to either understand or deal with it.

MODERATOR

Are you saying that students in high school should have sexual experiences before they get to college?

SANDY

What I'm saying is that, by the time he gets to college, he should be at least ready to have one whether he ever had one or not. As the situation exists on campus today, most students aren't ready for sex. They haven't got the knowledge, training or experience which they should have gotten before they hit the campus scene. I don't think it's the teachers' duty to teach students sex. He should have had that instruction and experience out of the environment from which he came.

DR. TAYLOR

You take something that is as obviously a natural biological function as sex, a function that has been used and enjoyed for millions of years, and yet our society tries to departmentalize it into different areas of knowledge. This is the key to our kind of anti human society. We take something that has been operating successfully for millions of years, and we try to bottle it up into an academic course, or something that's okay only if exercised under the irrational conditions that society insists upon. The thing to never be lost sight of is that sex is obviously a maturation process, and that if this, as with any other maturational process, is interfered with – the individual's maturity potential is greatly endangered

DR. ROSE

We have an aphroism in psychoanalysis that Theodore Reik coined which I think is very appropos here: "If you have to go to a book to learn how to make love, you'll never know how to make love." Sexual love is something that should flow aesthetically, artistically, but the intellect has to be out. Let me paraphrase a fairly well known joke. The French say that the ideal woman is an economist in the kitchen, a lady in the drawing room and a prostitute in the bedroom. But unfortunately what you get is an economist in the bedroom, a lady in the kitchen and a prostitute in the drawing room

MODERATOR

Does anything more serious than flirting between a faculty member and a student occur very often?

DR. TAYLOR

Oh, all the time.

DR. ROSE

Oftener than you might imagine, Norm

BILL

You bet your life.

CLAUDIA

I knew a girl in college who claimed a teacher made her pregnant. Whether it was true or not I never found out, but she certainly was pregnant.

MODERATOR

All factors considered, what are the chances a boy or girl graduating college a virgin.

LOU

Are there any virgins left, in or out of college?

SANDY

I think it depends on the area of the country that the college is located in, Norm. Also the kind of bringing up the students were exposed at home. I've been to three colleges across the country myself, and at each university the attitude towards sex was markedly different.

DR. TAYLOR

I believe most people would be surprised to discover how many virgins, male and female, did graduate from college

DR. ROSE

And my psychoanalytic experience bears that statement out, Dr. Taylor

MODERATOR

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for participating in TOPPER's special panel on SEX ON CAMPUS. If I may, I'll try to make something like a summation of all that's been said here. It would seem to me, at least, that sex on campus is like sex everywhere else; pretty mixed up and desperately in need of illumination at all levels of our society. Perhaps it wouldn't be out of place to close the panel with a quote from another pioneer in the psychology of sex and understanding human nature, Dr. Carl J. Jung: "No noble, well grown tree has ever disowned its dark roots, for it grows not only upward but downward as well"

BEER IS THE KING!

Continued from page 57

Another obvious attempt to wean us away from our historic and traditional beverage and foist upon us this johnny come-lately among tipples, wine.

Do I hear a scream here from the ranks of the winos?

The fact of the matter is that the oldest as well as the most varied alcoholic beverage is nothing other than beer. When Bacchus was still a runny-nose brat playing around on the slopes of Mt. Olympus, the Sumerians, Egyptians and Babylonians were having the time of their lives wassailing away on fermented mixture barley beer to you. Wine came later. I would like to give an impression of overstrung partisanship but why anybody bothered with a superlative beverage already in existence.

Nor does a charge that beer lacks variety hold water. True enough, wine runs from Chianti to Champagne and back again by the way of Falerno, palm wine and resin impregnated Greek Retsina. But beer takes no back seat. Under that all embracing name are listed lagers and ales, porters and stouts, pilsners and bocks, each of which have their endless varieties.

If you like your drinks aged well, aged you might try Belgian *Lambic* which is matured for at least two years and which is sold in champagne type bottles with wired corks. Or there is England's *Russian Imperial Stout* which comes with a vintage label.

Cooper's Ale from Adelaide is so heavy and strong that even two fisted drinkers of the Australian variety put it away usually as an after dinner digestive. This brew is additionally unique in that you can fill a glass half full of water, the remaining half with beer and still get a head that will foam over the glass rim.

But if its strength you like you'd better try *Bush Beer* of Lourmarin, Belgium. It hits the same alcoholic content as table wine. Or you might give what the British call barley wine a go. On the sweetish side, it runs up above 10 percent in power. *Chancellor Ale*, a barley wine produced by Queen's College at Oxford, boasts 11 percent alcohol.

If you demand experience on the part of your brewers you might try a bottle of *Weihenstephan*. This brewery in Freising has been running continuously for over seven hundred years. The yeast in your beer first saw light of day in the thirteenth century. What vineyard can make a similar claim?

Let's give our champions a run down, type by type.

For the most part we Americans are addicted to the lager and pilsner brews and I don't want to raise any patriotic hackles here, gentlemen, but American brewers fail to touch tops in their products. Oh, we're not denying the qualities of such potables as St. Louis *Muehetob* nor Denver's *Coors*, or especially some of the local brews produced in small breweries throughout the Germanic areas of Wisconsin and Minnesota. However by and large Stateside beers do not touch the associate pinnacles of lager art.

The height is to be found in Denmark, Holland and, I know it's hard to believe—Mexico. It's a matter of debate whether Denmark's Tuborg *Gold Cap* and Carlsberg *Export* are superior to Holland's *Heinekens* or whether either of them are up to Mexico's *Bohemian*. But these three beers stand next to none. All are exported to the States and the true connoisseur has the opportunity to give them a try.

We realize there are those who at this point will indignantly shout the virtues of *Pilsner Urquelle* the original pilsen of Czechoslovakia, and others who will have excited words to say for *Holsten Pilsner* from the Holsten brewery founded over six hundred years ago in Hamburg. In fact, adherents of German brews will be legion, stressing the qualities of the products of Munich, Dortmund, Donaueschingen, Nuremberg and Kulmbach in particular. We merely state the preference of the overwhelming majority of beerus cognoscenti. There is, of course, ample room for difference of opinion.

Not actually to be considered in this category of light lagers are the wonderful beers of Australia and New Zealand. Possibly the best of all Australian lagers is *Nathan's* from Adelaide or *Foster's* from Melbourne, widely exported in the Pacific. Nor are the *Pilsner* and the *Lager* of the Resch brewery in Sydney to be ignored. In general, Australian beers will run as high as twice the strength of the lighter types in Europe and America where lagers are usually between 4 percent and 5 percent alcohol.

The difference between lager beer and ales is largely based on the yeast used in fermentation. Ale is fermented at a high temperature, beer at a low. Yeast and grains rise at the top of the liquid during fermentation, in beer it settles to the bottom. American ale usually has a more pronounced hop flavor.

Best ale is to be found in England. However in America the products of Ballantine aren't to be beattlen, in the beer *India Pale Ale*, which is aged one year in the wood, is one of the premium brews to be found in the States. New England also makes a fine ale of varying quality. Interesting among them is *Pickwick* of the Boston area, known locally as "the poor man's whiskey."

such is its strength

But England is the land of ale. There are at least seventy five brands to be found in the London area alone. These vary from lights and browns such as Bass *Amber Ale* and Youngers *XX* which will run about 3 percent alcoholic content to such strong ales as Barclay Perkins *Winter Brew*, Simmonds *Old Strong Ale* Youngers *Scotch Ale* and Meuxs *Extra Strong Ale* which will go as high as 9 percent

British beers and ales as you've heard are served at room temperature nor is anything wrong about that. Our lagers are brewed with refrigeration in mind and its a thirsty man who can drink American beer unchilled. On the other hand British brews are produced to serve at room temperature and are ruined when cold. I hate to use wine for an example but who would drink warm champagne or chill Burgundy?

England and several of the continental countries reach their full glory in a brewers product seldom seen in the land of Uncle Sam. I refer now to extreme dark beers such as stout. With the exception of some of our spring time bocks the only top rating ultra dark beer we turn out is *Pfeiffers* from Pennsylvania. England has such winners as Simmonds *Archangel Stout* Tollemaches *Double Stout* and Hope & Anchors *Stout* while Ireland comes forward with the most famous of all Guinness *Extra Stout* the most widely exported brew in the world.

Related to British stouts are the wonderful dark beers of Germany and their cousins in Switzerland and Austria.

Munich of course has the prime reputation. Her Hackerbrau brewery had its origins before 1487 and has been in its present premises since 1570. Hackerbrau is without doubt the best bock ever to celebrate springtime. *Liebfrauen Bier* is their all year round product and *Oktoberfest Marzenbier* is specially brewed for the autumn celebrations at which time they go on a beer bacchanalia in Munich.

Second but even to Hackerbrau is *Lowenbrau Dark Munchener* one of the seven great beers to be exported widely even to the United States where various import and other taxes run its cost up to 75¢ and more per small bottle.

Back beer originally brewed in Einbeck Germany as *einbork* means a goat is a very strong product of wheat and barley, malt made with hops that have been reserved by the brewmaster all year. It's rich and strong and it's criminal that we can get it only in the Spring.

Porter once the favorite brew of the English workingman is no longer produced in the land of its birth. Similar to stout but somewhat weaker in alcoholic content it is also less bitter. A form of ale actually, it is made from a very dark malt in somewhat the fashion of stout. The last barrel of porter produced in England came from Whitbread's brewery in 1941 however the Guinness brewery in Ireland still turns it out. The porter fans often like to mix it half and half with beer. In the states Balla Brew is the only brewery of which we know that produces porter. It deserves more attention.

We don't want to appear biased, gentlemen. He who is in the right can afford the strong light of truth. We're going to have to admit that while some brews reach the peak of goodness, there are others hardly more worthy of consumption than urine.

For instance we can't recommend *Biere la Gazelle* produced in Dakar French West Africa and sold to poor benighted folk who know no better. If you wind up in Dakar you'd have better luck with *Stork* put out by Brasseries Ouest Africaine. Their premium product *Storkbrau* isn't bad at all. This concern also has breweries in Casablanca at Tangier.

Africa in general is no great haven for beer drinkers sad to report. Tangiers other beer *Pils* made by *Brasseries Internationales* is possibly the reason why the Prophet forbid alcoholic drinks to the faithful. And *Zenith* of Oran Algeria although labelled "Biere de Qualite" isn't much better. *Stella* in Egypt is weak and watery. Malta does better with a branch of England's Simmonds breweries and in Nairobi Kenya *White Cap Lager* is a worthwhile product of Taylors. Largely the brews of Africa have been influenced by the colonial powers that originally took over the dark continent. South African brews of the British type are good but the French areas produce no better than metropolitan France which is a hard thing to say.

France well have to face it, is not a beer country with the exception of Alsatia proper with such as *Kronenburg* and *Adelshoffen* but as noted that sabre is from the wine. If Alsace have completely been realized French brews. However rather than stop to wine we might try *Grafftrau Pils Birkenau* or *Phoenix* any of which are at least better than watering down *ordinaire*.

Surprisingly enough Monaco the land of Grace Kelly and Prince Rainer does better. Although this country is only approximately half the size of Central Park it has its own Brasserie de Monaco and makes *Albert Export Albertbrau* and *Biere de Monaco* all of which are fine.

Italy and Spain are if anything worse than France. Here we have the gruesome picture of what can happen to a country when the vineyard rats are allowed to go hog wild. So pained am I at contemplating beer in Italy that we'll skip that country altogether. Suffice to say that consumption there has obviously been on the down grade since Julius Caesar whose favorite beverage was beer.

Spain is bad enough but rather than resort to sherry which they'll try to foist on you every time you reach out a hand for a glass you might try the draught *Victoria* made in Malaga or the bottled *Aguila*. Spain's premium beer which can be found in most of the better bars.

You're better off further north. Switzerland has its Hubertushaus brewery in Lucerne producing *Dunkles Stark* beer which is the Munich type and equal to Munich standards. Then have a *Heller* light lager type.

Norway and Sweden aren't up to Denmark but the citizens of both countries are beer drinkers as can be found in Sweden by St. Eriks *pub Jonsmas Ale* or their *Markol* a very good dark produced in Stockholm. And there's *Tre Ton* a which the Norwegians export widely from the Oslo area.

Although beer has been found in all countries its in all ages we can without false modesty state it has been we Canadians who developed it to its present state of perfection. When we leave the European area and America scene it's apt to deteriorate in quality and quantity. Some few exceptions exist however.

The Dow lager brewery in Manila turns out a surprisingly good product and Japan's Kirin and Sapporo bottled beers aren't too bad although the Japs are apt to take their beer with the sweet shyly. For the matter the national beverage *sake* which is called rice wine is actually more accurately described as a beer since it's the product of fermented cereal rather than fruit.

New Zealand and Australia although had way around the globe marathons the European traditions. *D.B. Lager* is a bit less strong than Australian products but is there anything. Then *Speights Ale* is also a cheer the heart of any beer lover.

Tasmania hits the jackpot with *Cascade Ale* which comes in red label. Light and green label ales and which is made with pure water from the mountains.

For some reason the lands around the Irish Sea seem to have an stronger drink possibilities than for some reason the lands are greater than our own. However the products of French pilsner are world famed and the Pilsner of Yugoslavia is excellent. It's latter

Continued on page 77

DESIGN

continued from page 4

Tyrone Slade Marie wrinkled. Bell Hart Clarence Wayne Carter Gaston Austin Thompson? I must call Otis right now.

Call your husband? What on earth for?

To tell him why! About us. Hell no doubt leave. Shrugging his hand well Clarence Otis she stepped quickly from the cabinet and darted from the room.

Now wait a minute! cried Harvey struggling to regain his outraged senses.

I'll be right back called Muriel as she disappeared into the garment. Speaking after her Harvey called with Steve. Gather up the pot. Quick. He gasped. Have you seen Muriel.

She went in to the powder said Stella. Anything wrong?

Wrong! Do you know what's she's up to now? Harvey. Calling her lover to tell him about us! He'll be here! She says she would kind of like to see him. You didn't know?

No said Harvey. She's a kind of a hot bath what I know. I got to shower before

Too late I'm afraid Stella. She just has Otis on the phone. Yes dear she comes now. She smiled sympathetically and moved discreetly on.

It's best Muriel has found happiness I have spoken. Otis and he things we'll be very good for each other.

He does! Well I don't! Harvey's penetrating sidelong brow with a deep meaning. Look I'm not sure what's has flipped but this is not it.

You mean you've changed your mind? Muriel asked in a small voice. Moving over she gave a pat that was to her own ears moonlit even somehow like the chicken took of a sweet voice. You don't want me?

This was the worst said Harvey desperately trying to regain his composure that was be going. What you're suggesting is a act. It's an evil thing. It's a sin.

I love you said Muriel.

What's running? Doing it or being honest about it?

Oh you're now exclaimed Harvey impatiently. Everybody likes a little fun now and then. There's such nothing as being a bit honest for you know. You can't set yourself up to be Lancelot.

Not even only a bit Just Otis.

Of all people! Harvey spluttered. Confiding in your husband! Who ever heard such a weak kind of design for living is that?

It's open. I have no board and nonest but certain declared Muriel quite primly. Enough the argument she cried a little.

It's also me you mean Harvey rejoined with set tears. It's has hard a deliberate flouting of convention. A crime against nature!

Desperately seeking a return to normality he stalked out to the house in search of the sanctuary of his bathroom.

Reviewing matters in sober retrospect next morning Harvey could not help congratulating himself on having in whole acted in a sense of good taste. He had managed to handle the situation tough completely forgiven. A lesser man not burdened with his high principles of romantic idealism might have attempted Harvey fortunately was made of sterner stuff. Intriguing as Muriel's not unbecoming nonsense of compact honesty the seven-o'clock part ners might at first appear in the long run. If course such sensuality as unwanted notions could not long endure.

Yet a lesser man might have succumbed to her accustomed charms. Both engaging himself in the role of a lesser man. Harvey squirmed uncomfortably as his breakfast more eggs as visions of those all desirable tempting and tantalizingly attainable charms danced like sugar plums before his red-rimmed eyes.

Still Stella Carter was right. Muriel was a kind. Her ideas were certain to alienate everyone. No woman in her right mind could ever come to terms with such foolishness.

Gazing fondly at his wife as she poised herself preparing the breakfast eye openers Harvey experienced the warm glow of satisfaction he always felt when comparing Delphine's overly abundant yet subtle charms with those of the competition. Here's a real couple. It's satisfying with just one to a kind.

He lit me darling he asked casually. Is not ever for at thing lacking in our relationship? I mean well do you ever have more to you think like to well you know from for some sort of

Sure Delphine replied promptly.

"Lots of them"

"Oh" Harvey sipped his tomato juice the ghastly. For a did never noticed Emma Lazier married

You're not supposed to. Mr. Either. What do you think we're helpless if I took notice every time you got up like a Christmas tree the way you always do whenever some swinging chick wiggles by?

I see what you mean said Harvey hurried. But just supposing you met a man you really have an affair with. Would you ask me first or would you

What's the matter you sick or something? Delphine inquired with a concerned.

If you're trying to our mine whether or not I'm a complete dear the answer is no. My behavior would be the same as that of any mature sensitive well-adjusted young matron. Sneaky.

That's what I thought said Harvey relieved. Not that I expect the situation would ever come up, of course.

Oh wouldn't it ever? Delphine sounded a little huff. Well for your information I've had my share of passes. Maybe more than you think.

Harvey smiled indulgently. Well, sure I suppose at one time or another

And not all of the comely recalled fondly remembered past either. Delphine continued warming to her subject. Just last week if you must know a very important proposal was made to me by a very attractive man I met at a bridge club meeting. He was supposed to be picking up his wife.

Really Harvey expressed a spate of himself. Anyone we know?

No no you know replied Delphine somewhat smugly. As a matter of fact if you want to know it was Muriel's husband Otis Spencer.

Otis Spender made you a sneaky proposition? Harvey stared at her unbelievingly. That's supposed buddy Muriel to me herself she and Otis have the understanding

Oh that! Delphine laughed. Otis thought that was great at first but now he's for up with the whole set. No kicks as you're he says. He now longs for the good old days when he used to get a charge out of carrying on his wife. Seems as a wife who's never jealous takes a the zest out of marriage.

Otis said that? Muriel Spender's eyes narrowed, did generously while her bosom heaved decorously. Harvey could hardly wait for the delectable dangerous explosion to follow. Why the swine! Unspeakable! Low-brow.

She strode angrily up and down her living room for some moments, then

Continued on page 72

MAD DEST AVE NUE

MEMO TO J. ALLSWORTHY SMITTENBURG, account executive
FROM J. ALLSWORTHY SMITTENBURG, SENIOR, senior account exec
RE BRAIN STORMING SESH WITH MXKX MISS JONES,

Dear J Jun.or
As you can see from the enclosed picture ideas, Marv, I mean Miss Jones and I spent a dec.ded.y busy week end at Fire Island going over those new accounts you conned, I mean, brought into the firm. Mary and I spent

"WILL THE REAL JOAN OF ARC PLEASE STAND UP?"

"MOTHER, PLEASE! I CAN'T DO IT MYSELF!"

rip-top

New two-finger RIP TOP takes top struggle and strain off the cans. Just peel back, pull and watch the buds bust loose! Be sure and grab a 36 pack today. It's the *greatest!*

BUNNYHAUSER…"The Dear That Made Milt Walky Infamous"

BUNNYHAUSER DEAR COMPANY MILT WALKY, TENNESSEE. INFAMOUS BOOZE, NOT MORE THAN 200 PROOF NO MATTER HOW YOU TAKE IT

.....slow on the draw but unbeatable in a pinch!

an almost sleepless three days running yours down, I mean running your ideas up the flagpole, HA HA! If you get what I mean, son! You'll probably notice immediately the keen new slant. Man, for a really bright campaign. Naturally, I had quite a bit to do with it, but Mary seems to have grasped the ideas in toto. I mean she actually thinks a campaign like this. Frankly, she's the hottest property we've ever had in the copy department, and I'd like your ideas about making her chief one of these days. Well, back to the ideas, kid. I figure we'll hit 'em with a dozen full color spreads in some of the choicest mags. What do you think of a double-truck in Yale Review? Nah, that don't quite have the gutsy

COOL..

BECAUSE THEY'RE LIKE THE GIRL THAT DADDY NEVER MARRIED!

readership we'd be shooting for. Agree? Say, how about a bunch of car cards for the subway audience? Agree? Well, as you may have learned by now, Mary and I worked so hard on these hard-hitting slants that we've decided to relax a little down here at Fire Island But you know the old man, hey kid, I'll probably be doing more brain storming with Mary. Say, what do you think of her new sex angles? That Mary's sure got a load of talent, hey kid? Well, I'll sign off now. See you in my office at nine on Wednesday Have all layouts approved by then! That's an order.

DAD

Decameron

continued from page 35

This was not the reaction the knights of Bathards and Lancelots, Luther sect not only because of the great dignity of that ship, but from the commission of the most serious of those five crimes of transporting a woman into Satan's rings for immoral purposes. At that time, since one of any two ought to become a member of a sacred order to which all three of these gentlemen here belong, one of the Regimas Ac carried an automatic destruction or sentence of penalty of no mean magnitude when once considering the prestige and station that was attached to dynasty even as now.

In any measure, you can imagine the good lady's dismay to wake and find love's own rainbow calling to her from the port. She made great haste to close the shutter but had already begun to feel the trickle of nectar and laughed to herself at the fine trick the worthy prince had played upon her. And when she stepped into the main saloon and found him sitting there grinning like a Venusian dust devil she said "Well, my liege I suppose you are quite satisfied with yourself?" acting more vexed than really she was.

"Yes I am" he replied touching a device that opened all ports along both sides of the saloon "And what do you think about it?"

"I am quite angry with you" she answered beginning to remove her clothing. "This is a serious crime for which I shall see that you lose your questionable manhood." She let her final garments fall away and found herself upon the couch so that the gone prince could not help but know what it was that she wanted. Then she said "You are a dishonorable rascal to do this to me come over here" She gave him one view and yet another "This dastardly act will not go unpunished come to me" She writhed in anticipation "Your friends will think on a sorry mark for daring to use trickery as a means to gain a lover I cannot stand it."

But after a few minutes when her lost cat not see her face up and said "What is the matter good sir? Has the cat got your tongue? Have you nothing to say in your defense? First you do ravage I've other girls to take the castle now that you have arrived and find the drawbridge down." Her urgency was a test for him.

Ah, my time lady" the gallant said "Now that you're party warm as mine has been these last months it must be tender hours that must correct and cure all matter" So saying, he took a press release from a locker and made her put it on.

"What are you saying you dolt" shrieked she. "Sure you do not mean to accomplish what you say this."

"But of course my dear" the good knight answered stroking. "And I shall wear one, too."

Seeing her lost thus present himself she had little more strength left in her. Following his instruction so fast was she from the moment stoned fees on her belly.

The knight got into his suit and said "These pressure suits are necessary because the integrity of the hull ship can only be maintained for a few hours and we do not want to be disturbed during our ballet. They were specially made to my instructions for this purpose as you shall see." So saying, he showed her how the two suits fastened together at a most precise place. Then he turned off the artificial gravity of the yacht. Once the seal of the suit was completed he was about ready to complete another seal when he suddenly said "I have forgotten to do a necessary thing in the control room. I shall be back momentarily." And leaving the two suits fastened together he got out of his, resealed it and left the frustrated lady floating in the saloon while the ring lights pouring in upon her. "This is one while I am gone" he said and you can make it the end."

Ten earth minutes later in a state of high passion the woman found to the control room door. Time to seal the last of the lifeboat leaving the yacht. Several hours later the first meteorite punctured the hull of the ship.

And this is how he great and good lord used his wits for once to overcome his lust and performed an exquisite revenge upon this most capricious and insane of women.

It has been said no some that the unhappy woman must have been consumed by her own passion long before she starved so strong are the powers of the nonagints. But of this I cannot vouchsafe an opinion.

The now defunct Sacred Order of Satyrs, which in the time of the telling of this tale was the brotherhood elite has been obsoleted by technologies that have made the venture through the rings quite safe and commonplace. But during these times the passage was known as the spanish fly the exact derivation of which is unknown but is felt to refer to some kind of historic gauntlet

The Generous Prospector

Just few gallant men rose and stopped looking at the previous tale or relate

On the glide from New Los Angeles to Khartsheveyond across that great and most disheartening of desert the New Red Sea, rode a man and his shrewish wife, he following merrily and feeling of my the mood whenever the spirit was arise espied through the [illegible] door of the compartment next door a pretty young damsel lying still. Feeling the fingers of opportunity strumming, he persuaded his wife to spend the evening in entertainment done and then going to the door he called softly to the sleeping maiden. She did not stir and getting under the pillow slipped inside and closed the door.

Finding her even farther than he had hoped he put his lips to her ear and whispered "My pretty one are you so deeply asleep that you cannot hear love's own opportunity knocking?" But when he smelled her breath and saw the empty [illegible] flagon on the floor he knew that Fate was offering him a rare golden moment and that he would be unworthy to meet any other good luck if he were skewed enough to allow it to escape. He immediately lifted up her skirts for she was fully dressed and set to work with such effect that even in her narcoleptic state the woman must have [illegible] great. After a while when he had [illegible] her several times. He took his own organ stating himself for his good fortune

But instead of returning to his own apartment next door he went to the refreshment dome where he happened to meet an old acquaintance. Being a party of very high spirits the fellow told his friend of his fortunate discovery and suggested that the friend too might similarly enjoy digging for the same treasure. The friend agreed and after receiving a treasure map departed to seek his fortune.

This young man however instead of entering the compartment of the accommodating maiden he entered the next compartment next door where the good fellow's wife had already retired for the night. The treasure seeker groped his way to the bed and hearing the woman sleeping and assuming her to be his own mischievous wife his friend had deserted crawled immediately under the covers to begin his pros-

pecting. There, by braille, he determined the correct coordinates of the treasure and began to log. The woman soon awoke and, thinking that it was her husband or so we are led to believe she thought, began to help him as best she could. But after the fellow had ruffled her several times and yet began his mining again the woman said "Good husband are you so gluttonous that you cannot let your wife get her sleep?"

This revelation so frightened the fellow that his courage began to grow limp, and he would have discontinued his labor had not the woman, like all women, allowed as how he might as well complete his journey as long as he had already, make the necessary preparations, mounted, and started up the trail. Once he had finished, though, the good woman turned over and went to sleep, leaving the fellow to contemplate his next action. This did not take him long, however and he supped from the bed and made his escape back to the refreshment dome where his friend and unknowing benefactor was waiting to hear of his success.

The prospector thanked the husband greatly for sharing his discovery but warned him that the vinonarco had worn off, leaving the woman truly in control of all her faculties, a fact that had made the finding even more rewarding, but also more dangerous. Of this the two talked further, marvelling at their luck at not having encountered the legal owner of said treasure mine while they had been working the mother lode.

The self-made cuckold returned to his compartment where he got into bed beside his snoring wife though his imagination was getting into bed with the masseuse next door. His wife turned away from him with her backside protruding as women's backsides are wont to do — and his thoughts about the one woman gave rise to action against the other. He began to attack the sleeping woman's ears and was making goodly progress when she awoke greatly angered at having been thus disturbed twice in the same night by the marauding stallion. She then gave the poor fellow such a vicious tongue-lashing for wearing out his welcome that he was unable to sleep the rest of the night, so hotly did his ears smart and wildly did his wits reel. And you can imagine what things the fellow must have thought when he finally realized what had happened, even as would the slowest dullard. At any rate, his wife gave him a goodly time to ponder these thoughts when she sentenced him to a fortnight of absence from her for his nocturnal gluttony.

BEER IS THE KING!

Continued from page 69

is darker, richer and stronger than the usual lager and considerably more expensive than Slavonian wines.

Hungary's beer is apt to be on the malty side. *Gerafe* produced by Monpex in Budapest runs 6 percent alcohol and though refreshing is apt to leave a thickish taste in your mouth after six or eight bottles. Poland has a brew as dark and almost as thick as syrup and takes some getting used to. Reports from Russia indicate that there are beers along the Yalgos avian Pivo type, heavy for American tastes and sometimes poorly filtered so that there will be a slight sediment in the bottom of the bottle.

Space limits my ability to dwell further on the glories of brew throughout the world, fellow beer bibbers but I think our point is proven. Evidence enough has been presented that we advocates of the foaming grass need take no back seat to these mealy mouthed wimps trying to undermine our institutions. Beer is the most ancient of beverages, universal in variety of appeal, international in its scope.

And, I hate to wave the flag here, but it's a matter of historical record that George Washington ran a well-equipped brewery at Mount Vernon and that among others of the American forefathers Sam Adams, James Madison, Israel Putnam and James Oglethorpe were brewmasters as was William Penn, who operated one of the country's first commercial breweries.

What I mean to say is, if these wimpers don't like this country and its way of life, why don't they go back where they came from? I'm not usually the vigilante type, understand, but there is a rumor going around that a fiery cross is going to be burned tonight on the lawn of the local winery.

I've got some tar left over from fixing the roof, if somebody else has a couple of old feather pillows, we can scare up an old fence rail, and ⊥

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DESIGN

Continued from page 70

paused suddenly, lost in contemplation. "He's right, you know — it isn't the same anymore. I've noticed it, too!"

She resumed her pacing, now more in sorrow than in anger. "When you know the roof isn't going to fall in, no matter what — well, it just isn't very exciting."

"My idea exactly," said Harvey, catching her on her third lap around the sofa and pulling her down beside him. He kissed her excitingly.

"Forbidden fruit tastes the sweeter," he suggested unbuttoning her blouse with the air of one about to uncover hidden treasure without a permit.

"Mmm!" Muriel agreed beginning to recapture the misty-eyed nostalgia the excitement of past infidelities. "But Otis never comes home unexpectedly, wait, darling — not here in the house. Couldn't we go some place a little more risky?"

"I know just the place," Harvey assured her. "A motel, just outside Anaheim. Caters to the young married crowd. Very discreet, yet not without a certain element of risk."

"Wonderful," breathed Muriel. "I'll leave a note for Otis — tell him I went bowling."

"He knows you don't bowl," Harvey pointed out. "He's sure to suspect something."

"Yes!" agreed Muriel, with shining-eyed anticipation. She sighed happily. "He'll be so pleased!" ⊥

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fellini:

One day at His Funny Face Shop Roberto Rossellini stopped and talked with him. From that casual meeting came a collaboration which lasted for eight years. Fellini became known as Rossellini's close man and helped to write *Open City* and *Paisan*. For Rossellini.

Then in the early 1950's Fellini went out on his own. His first two productions were moderately successful, but neither *I Vitelloni* nor *Il Bidone* remotely approached a minor masterpiece. From there followed *A Matrimonial Agency*, *La Strada*, *Il Bidone*, *The Nights of Cabiria*.

Finally he created *La Dolce Vita*, which cast Fellini upon the world like a tornado out of darkness. He interviewed 10,000 actors for various parts in the film and searched throughout Europe for the person he was seeking. Decisions were difficult. Once scientific he would not see the actor until he was ready to shoot that part of the scene.

Normally Fellini will not create a part with a particular actor in mind. An exception was the part in *Nights of Cabiria* which he created for his wife Giulietta Masina.

When he filmed *La Dolce Vita* he and the picture star Marcello Mastroianni were often together and 18 hours a day. When Mastroianni would ask Fellini what the film portended he was told: "It is a kind of carnival merry go round a dance of images that move here and there without resting and thus suppose something like a frieze of modern society."

Fellini claims that a script can be no more than a basic outline of what the director intends to do. To restrain delight to the staff and cast. But he denies that he improvises as the many *nouvelle vague* directors. He always knows from the beginning where he is headed but he admits that he can change his mind or how it get there.

For days and days you may mull over a problem and you think you've resolved it. The maestro observes. Then on the set at the moment of shooting you suddenly become aware that the forces are different that the atmosphere has changed that what you planned no longer goes. And at that moment comes a new idea which solves the problem simply logically perfectly. Can anybody say I shouldn't switch to that new idea?"

Although a dedicated Catholic Fellini denies that he preaches morality. "I do not condemn, do not promote any cause, do not draw any conclusions," he declares. Rather he depicts personages who continue to move about to undress to drink to dance and then expected something to happen. What do they expect? Perhaps a miracle perhaps a war maybe having sexual orgasm of Marilyn's.

If he had his way he would work 12 months a year. While working he gets up at five or six hours sleep a night during which he often sees parts that will film or pass before his eyes.

La Dolce Vita established Fellini to the point where he no longer has trouble finding production money. He received only $50,000 for his part in creating the epic of contemporary Roman decadence.

It is always the same story he reflects. You have no idea of the fatigue of finding money. Meetings after meetings talks upon talks endless telephone conversations fights and threats galore. One producer doesn't like my title another insists on a different cast. Today everything is settled tomorrow everything is up in the air. Luckily all that wasn't necessary with 8½.

Fellini thinks that the age of scandal journalism and the candid camera climate can spell decadence in society. Although *La Dolce Vita* relates the lives of only a few hundred people living on the outskirts of Rome's Via Veneto he feels that it is really representative of international society.

But the maestro cannot imagine making a movie outside of Italy. He has received offers from film moguls throughout the world including

$350,000 from Paramount in Hollywood but he has turned them all down

"How can I make pictures about people I don't know?" Fellini asks "I know how a farmer from Fresinone looks or how an olive picker from Montefiascone talks but in America I know nothing about similar details"

With this same mundane approach Fellini works with his cast 'My first preoccupation is to let the actor have his most intimate freedom I try immediately to captivate him to gain his confidence to put him at ease With my actor I must share my basket lunch. I must talk women I must become his friend

"I would describe myself as a minstrel an exhibitionist' the director continues classifying himself as something of a showman "I want to tell stories about myself my memories, my ideas sensations desires My films are born of this necessity The circus moves me quite irrationally It is a fact that all my films have something reminiscent of the circus They want to shock, to astonish overwhelm *epater* the audience They are continuously searching for the sensation better the sensational!"

Perhaps the great cinematic works created by Fellini Antonioni Rossellini Visconti and others could only come out of Italy In striking contrast to the subtle graceful techniques of Sweden's Ingmar Bergman the Italians are violent, profound emotional, careless and occasionally brilliantly satirical

"When I make a picture, I create it all around me." says Fellini "I am in a big alibi because the thing itself carries me I am healthy happy don't need anything except sex I can do anything and it doesn't matter When I am working I live in a dimension in which I am absolved, taken by life

"For example you decide to take a trip go to the station, sit down on the train and then you are no longer traveling yourself but the trap is traveling you I am as in a trance, and someone else worries about me

"My crisis begins when a picture finishes, when I am again with my real problems God wife women taxes until a new light comes to announce a new game and it takes me again"

The great director says that $8\frac{1}{2}$ "is more than a confession It is my testament"

Fellini's testament to life is his genius.

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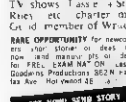

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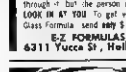

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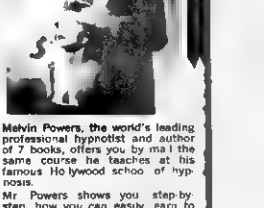

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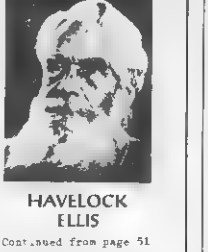

HAVELOCK ELLIS

Continued from page 51

two. And she was only six years old!

"My earliest dreams of the superiority of the male," Florrie recalls, "were connected with urination. I felt aggrieved with Nature because I lacked so useful and ornamental an organ." When told in her early teens that she lacked religious fervor, Florrie promptly knelt down and tried to remedy her deficiency but, she reports, "I remember kneeling and trying hard to get the feeling that the moment had come but I never experienced that kind of orgasm."

Florrie, although very much the master of any abnormal sexual practice, was often strangely unmoved by a more prosaic sensual experience. While attending college a professor became very attracted to her and began to send her flowers. "Her senses were quite untouched," Havelock Ellis reports. "Even when one day in a cab he opened her blouse, took out her breast and sucked the nipple she believes that she felt no sexual pleasure. Quite a girl.

In her late twenties Florrie began to have intense daydreams and to invent stories about being whipped and maltreated by men. She went into great detail in her reports to Ellis and among other things, he notes that as she grew older she was moved to take photographs of her own nates."

Although Florrie was perhaps Havelock Ellis' outstanding single example of a case history, provided by an intelligent and willing subject she was by no means his only one. His "Histories of Sexual Development" still stands as the definitive work on real life erotic behavior. The most inventive modern novelist would be hard put to compete with the nearly book-length history of one transsexual man but Ellis' psychologies, which are the corner-stone of his fourth volume, manage to please as well by being mysteries with a kind and provoking attention. The previously four-year-old activities broadened out to include "coitus inter femina with my brother and copulation with animals."

There are few four letter words in Havelock Ellis' writings. However hundreds of pages of closely set type are devoted to explaining what all the four letter words mean with the result that depending on how one looks at it one is faced with the ultimate in high class pornography or with the broad base of a liberal education.

Ellis proved as far back as 1898, that racial segregation had no place in lustful actions. He tells of how one subject a ten year old and his companions a negro girl, two daughters of the local clergyman, and two sons of a woman gatekeeper engaged from morning to night in various forms of indecencies with the supreme caress—which they termed "raising dickie"—as the most frequent enjoyment."

The master researcher does not overlook the more fundamental phases of the sex act in his quest for interesting deviations. In a lengthy treatise entitled "The Art of Love" he writes what amounts to a primer on sexual intercourse. We are led from coitus interruptus and coitus reservatus to a discussion of the different positions. "To be quite frank," he concludes, "I can hardly think of any combination which does not figure among my case books as having been practiced by my patients." Of the Anglo-Saxon method he says "The face to face attitude possesses great significance in the fact that it is the outward sign that the human couple has outgrown the animal sexual attitude of the hunter seizing his prey in the act of flight, and content to enjoy the attitude from behind."

A close reading of all of Havelock Ellis' works leaves one with the impression that there is nothing new under the sexual sun. His descriptions of Erotic Symbolism alone, especially the chapter dealing with shoe fetishism would earn him a place on today's best seller lists. For example "A government official whose first coitus in youth took place on a staircase, the sound of his partner's creaking shoes against the stairs produced by her efforts to accelerate orgasm, formed an association which developed into an auditory shoe fetichism, so the streets he was compelled to follow ladies whose shoes creaked proclaim in being thus produced, while to obtain complete satisfaction he would make a prostitute otherwise naked, sit in front of him in her shoes, moving her feet so that the shoes creaked."

Ellis' studies of various forms of exhibitionism would bring him to trial in a number of states and anyone who has read his "Synthesis of Dreams" must surely feel that even their most bizarre and lascivious nocturnal meanderings are commonplace by comparison. His "Sexual Education and Sadistness" is mainly a historic exercise dealing with the part that modesty has played in human affairs from the time of the Greeks. He describes Sparta as one vast nudist colony and makes a telling point to the effect that the evolution of modesty brought with it an unhealthy sexual attitude, his verbal descriptions of vaginas undraped, public sex must make even the most staid researcher long for the good old days.

It should be understood that Havelock Ellis was not merely a compiler of case histories and a seeker after grotesque sexual gymnastics. He was an innovator and an original thinker and his definitions have withstood the test of time. "The final conflagration of two individuals, he writes, is the sex act is an explosion of defervescence thus slowly brought about, though it is largely an act of nature, it is still, not without its psychological implications and consequences."

Ellis could be irreverent. "The Civilizational Value of Prostitution" he could be told. "The difference between the woman who sells herself in prostitution and the woman who sells herself in marriage is only the difference in price and duration of the contract," he could be informative. "The Origin and History of the Condom," and he could be entertaining. "The Immense Variety of Possible Erotic Fetishes."

Unfortunately for the general public the nature of Havelock Ellis' work gets almost invariably lands him on the wrong side of the laws governing erotic material. In one sense it is fortunate that "Man and Woman," "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," and much of his other work remains the private property of scholars and professional writers. If he was quotable verbatim in those pages the highly lucrative market cultivated by de Sade, Frank Harris, and Henry Miller and their great host of four-letter imitators would probably vanish overnight.

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MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS

BOOMING NEVADA IS EQUALED BY ONLY A FEW PLACES IN THE WORLD. Population has surged Westward in ever increasing numbers. Westward to Nevada, where the air is fresh and clear, taxes are low or non-existent and opportunity is open to all. Yes, Nevada is booming and real estate investors are prospering. **It is a proven fact that many purchasers of Nevada acreage have realized fabulous profits from small investments. Now, a NEW Nevada Real Estate Opportunity exists for you. This Ground Floor Opportunity is MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS, located only 1½ miles from the thriving city of Elko, Nevada.**

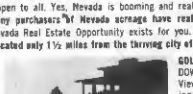
THE VERY BEST FEATURES OF TWO WORLDS

...THE WORLD OF THE WEST Located in prosperous Elko County, the ranchos have the backdrop of the majestic Ruby Mountains. **The sparkling Humboldt River is a short ½ mile away. Every Rancho fronts on a graded road that leads into coast to coast U.S. Highway 40.** Amidst these spectacular surroundings MEADOW VALLEY RANCHO owners can relax and enjoy the wonderful life of the Golden West.

...THE WORLD OF CITY CONVENIENCES: The bustling city of Elko with its modern schools, shops, theaters, hospital and airport is only 1½ miles away. New homes, with FHA financing commitments issued, are now under construction ... less than 1 mile from the property. The Experienced, Successful Developers of MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS are not offering remote land where purchasers have to hope for progress and expansion. They offer you the opportunity of a life time, a chance to participate in Nevada's continuing boom ... Minutes from the conveniences of hospitable Elko, in the midst of current growth and progress, **MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS has all the necessary ingredients to skyrocket in value!**

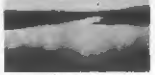
FISHING: In jewel like lakes, and mountain fed bottom streams you'll catch trophy size German Browns, Rainbow and Brook Trout ... large mouth fighting Bass. RANCHO owners can catch their dinner within easy driving distance of the property lines.

HUNTING: Hunters from all corners of the globe come to Elko County to hunt the big game species Mule Deer ... Quail, Chukar, and Partridge are found in abundance.



GOLF: A mere one mile from MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS is the Ruby View Golf Course. No rush for starting times on this city owned and maintained golf course, but golfing as it should be enjoyed. Play a leisurely 9-18 or 36 holes surrounded by breathtaking scenery, minutes from your rancho.

YOUR OWN LAKE ... You, and your invited guests will spend many happy hours boating, fishing and picnicking at nearby Lake Osino. There is no charge to Rancho owners for full rights to the use of this private multi-acre lake and park area.



PROVEN OPPORTUNITY: Yes, individuals are taking advantage of Nevada opportunity. But the country's leading corporations are also investing in their Nevada futures. Industrial giants, who erect plants where increasing land values and population demand them, are building or have secured acreage throughout Nevada.

LOW OR NON-EXISTENT TAXES: As a result of Nevada's low realistic tax structure, Profits And Wages Are Kept, not paid out to the state. NEVADA HAS NO STATE INCOME, INHERITANCE, CORPORATION OR GIFT TAX. The low real property tax is definitely limited by the state constitution. YES, NEVADA IS ONE OF OUR LAST FRONTIERS OF TAX FREEDOM!

TOTAL COSTS: The full price of the title to your **2½ acre Rancho is only $595.00. Complete payment schedule is $1.00 down and $10.00 per month.** No interest, no carrying charges. Live, Vacation or Retire on your land, or simply hold for investment security. Wise men like Andrew Carnegie said, "More money has been made in Real Estate than in all industrial investments combined." **Make MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS' PROSPEROUS FUTURE — YOUR FUTURE. DON'T MISS THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY!**

MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS
2291 Stockmen Bldg., Elko, Nevada

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Yes! — Reserve acreage at MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS for me — 2½ acre parcel, $595 — payable $1 down, and $10 a month, no interest no carrying charges. Send purchase contract and map showing exact location of my holding. You will return my deposit if I request same within 30 days. Have indicated below number of Ranchos desired.

SIZE ACRES	DOWN	PER MO.
2½	$1	$10
5	$2	$15
7½	$3	$20
10	$4	$25

Name:_____

Address:_____

City:_____ Zone:____ State:____

Indicate No. of Ranchos ____ Total enclosed $____

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